

# HUDIBRAS.

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The First PART.

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Written in the time of the

## Late Wars.

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Corrected and Amended,

With several

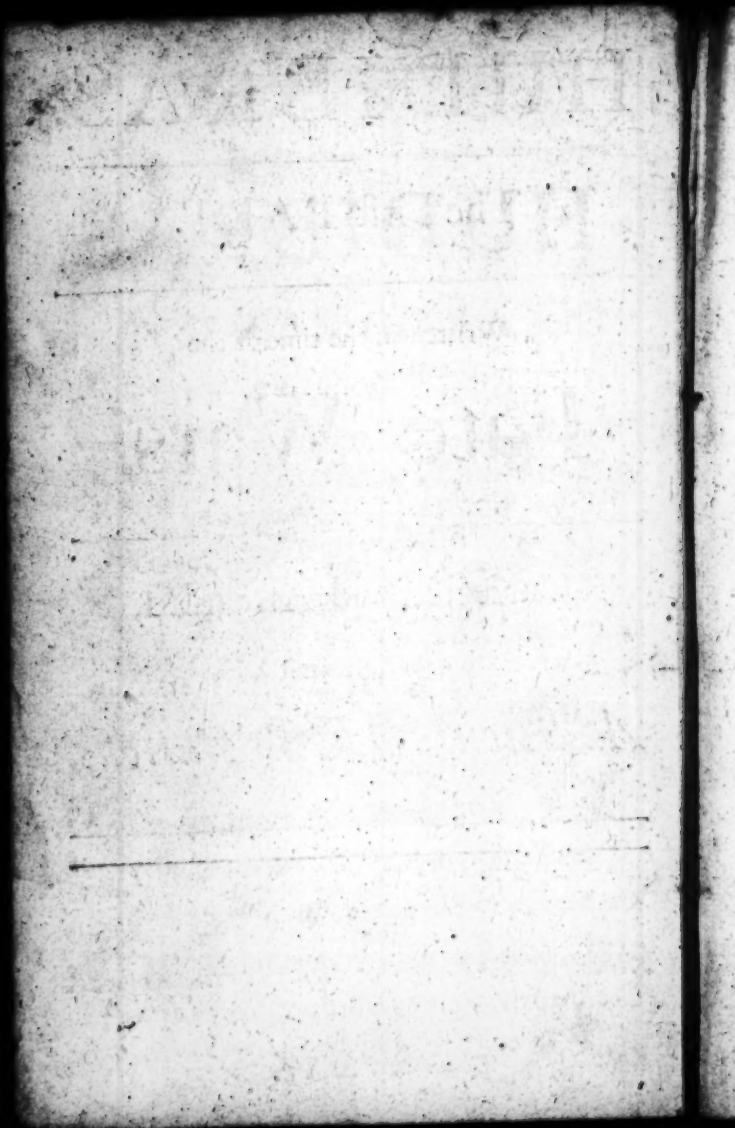
*Additions and Annotations.*

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*Alexander Pope*

1741  
**HUDIBRAS.**

The ARGUMENT of the  
FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,  
The manner how he sally'd forth;  
His Arms and Equipage are shown;  
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.  
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

CANTO I.

**W**Hen civil Fury first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears,  
And made them fight like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for.  
Though not a Man of them know wherefore :  
When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, furrounded  
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,  
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick :  
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was whose very fight wou'd  
Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood* ;  
That never bent his stubborn knee  
To any thing but Chivalry,  
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid  
Right Worshipful on Shoulder-blade :  
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,  
Either for Chartel or for Warrant :

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CANTO I.

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Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,  
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.

Mighty he was at both of these,  
And styld of *War* as well as *Peace*.

(So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,  
Are either for the Land or Water.)

But here our Authors make a Doubt,  
Whether he were more wise, or stout.

Some hold the one, and some the other :

But howsoe'er they make a Pother,

The difference was so small, his Brain  
Outweig'd his Rage but half a Grain :

Which made some take him for a Tool

That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool ;

And offer to lay Wagers, that

As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,

Complains she thought him but an Ass,

Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,

(For that's the Name our valiant Knight  
To all his Challenges did write.)

But they're mistaken very much,

'Tis plain enough he was no such,

We grant although he had much Wit,

H' was very shie of using it,

As being loth to wear it out,

And therefore bore it not about.

Unless on Holy-days, or so,

As Men their best Apparel do.

Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,

As naturally as Pigs squeek :

That *Latine* was no more difficile,

Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.

Being rich in both he never scanted

His Bounty unto such as wanted ;

But much of either would afford

To many that had not one Word.

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CANTO I.

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For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found  
To flourish most in barren Ground,  
He had such Plenty, as suffic'd  
To make some think him circumcis'd :  
And truly so, perhaps, he was,  
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,  
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.  
He could distinguish, and divide  
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South West* side :  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute.  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.  
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,  
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl ;

A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*;  
And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Trustees*.

He'd run in Debt by Disputation,  
And pay with Ratiocination.

All this by Syllogism, true  
In Mood and Figure, he would do,

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope  
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:  
And when he hapned to break off  
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,  
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,  
And tell what Rules he did it by.

Else when with greatest Art he spoke,  
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.

For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules  
Teach nothing but to name his Tools,

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CANTO I.

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His ordinary Rate of Speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich,  
A *Babylonish* Dialect,  
Which learned Pedants much affect.  
It was a Parti-colour'd Dress  
Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages :  
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,  
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.  
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,  
As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one,  
Which made some think when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel* ;  
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce  
A Leash of Languages at once.  
This he as volubly would vent  
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :  
And truly to support that Charge  
He had Supplies as vast and large.

For

For he could coyn or counterfeit  
New Words with little or no Wit :  
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
Was hard enough to touch them on.  
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.  
That had the Orator who once  
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble stones  
When he harangu'd ; but known his Phrase,  
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater  
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*. :  
For he by *Geometrick* Scale  
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale* ;  
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight,  
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight ;



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CANTO I.

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And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The Clock does strike by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher* ;  
And had read every Text and Gloss over ;  
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath  
He understood b'implicit Faith,  
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for ;  
For every *why* he had a *wherefore* :  
Knew more than forty of them do,  
As far as Words and Terms could go.  
All which he understood by Rote,  
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;  
No matter whether right or wrong :  
They might be either said or sung.  
His Notions fitted things so well,  
That which was which he could not tell ;

But

But oftentimes mistook the one  
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.  
He could reduce all things to Acts,  
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,  
Where Entity and Quiddity  
The Ghost of defunct Bodies fly ;  
Where Truth in Person does appear,  
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.  
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high  
As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly.  
In *School-Divinity* as able  
As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;  
Profound in all the Nominal  
And real ways beyond them all,  
And with as delicate a Hand  
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand ;  
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull  
That's empty when the Moon is full ;

Such

## CANTO I.

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Such as take Lodgings in a Head  
That's to be let unfurnished.  
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice :  
As if Divinity had catch'd  
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd ;  
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound  
And stab her self with Doubts profound,  
Only to shew with how small pain  
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;  
Although by woful Proof we find,  
They always leave a Scar behind.  
He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
Could tell in what Degree it lies :  
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,  
Below the Moon, or else above it.  
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride  
Came from her Closet in his side :

Whether

Whether the Devil tempted her  
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter :  
If either of them had a Navel ;  
Who first made Musick malleable :  
Whether the Serpent at the Fall  
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.  
All this without a Gloss, or Comment,  
He would unriddle in a moment  
In proper terms, such as Men smatter  
When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit  
To match his Learning and his Wit :  
'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,  
For he was of that stubborn Crew  
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant  
To be the true Church *Militant* :

Such as do build their Faith upon  
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;  
Decide all Controversies by  
*Infallible Artillery* ;  
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox  
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;  
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,  
*A godly-thorough-Reformation*,  
Which always must be carry'd on,  
And still be doing, never done :  
As if Religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies  
In odd perverse Antipathies ;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss :  
More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,  
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.

That

That with more care keep Holy-day  
The wrong, than others the right way :  
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to ;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipp'd God for spight.  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for.  
Free-will they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow.  
All Piety consists therein  
In them, in other Men all Sin,  
Rather than fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly,  
Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage  
Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge* ;  
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,  
And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,  
Like *Mahomet's*, were As and Widgeon,  
To whom our Knight by fast Instinct  
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,  
As if Hypocrisie and Non-sence  
Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
We mean on th'inside, not the outward :  
That next of all we shall discuss ;  
Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th'equal Grace  
Both of his Wisdom and his Face ;  
In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,  
A sudden View it would beguile :  
The upper part thereof was Whey,  
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

This hairy Meteor did denounce  
The Fall of Sceptres and of Crowns ;  
With grizly Type did represent  
Declining Age of Government ;  
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,  
Its own Grave and the State's were made.  
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a Nation rue ;  
Though it contributed its own Fall,  
To wait upon the publick Downfall ;  
It was Canonick, and did grow  
In holy Orders by strict Vow ;  
Of Rule as fullen and severe,  
As that of rigid *Cor deliere* :  
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution  
And Martyrdome with Resolution ;  
To oppose it self against the Hate  
And Vengeance of th' incens'd State :

In.



In whose defiance it was worn,  
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,  
Reviv'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.  
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,  
As long as Monarchy should last.  
But when the State should hap to reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,  
And fall, as it was consecrate  
A Sacrifice to fall of State;  
Whose Thred of Life the fatal Sisters  
Did twist together with its Whiskers,  
And twine so close, that time should never,  
In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever;  
But with his rusty Sickle now  
Both down together at a Blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from  
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,  
Cut supplemental Noses, which  
Would last as long as Parent Breech :  
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,  
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, show'd  
As if it stoop'd with its own Load,  
For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire  
Upon his Shoulders through the Fire :  
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack  
Of his own Buttocks on his Back :  
Which now had almost got the Upper-  
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.  
To poize this equally, he bore  
A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before :

Which

Which still he had a special Care  
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare;  
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,  
Such as a Countrey-house affords;  
With other Victual, which anon  
We further shall dilate upon,  
When of his Hofe we come to treat,  
The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,  
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
That fear'd no Blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,  
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;  
To old King *Harry* so well known,  
Some Writers held they were his own.

Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,  
And fat Black-puddings, proper Food  
For Warriors that delight in Blood.  
For, as we said, He always chose  
To carry Vittle in his Hose,  
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,  
The Ammunition to surprize :  
And when he put a Hand but in  
The one or th' other Magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,  
And till th' were storm'd, and beaten out,  
Ne'r left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;  
And though Knights Errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because when thorough Desarts vast  
And Regions desolate they past,  
Where

Where Belly-Timber above Ground  
Or under was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
Of their Provision on Record :  
Which made some confidently write,  
They had no Stomachs, but to fight,  
'Tis false ; for *Arthur* wore in Hall  
Round Table like a Farthingal,  
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before his good Knights din'd,  
Though 'twas no Table some suppose,  
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose ;  
In which he carry' as much Meat  
As he and all his Knights could eat,  
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,  
They took their Breakfasts or their Nuncheons,  
But let that pass at present, lest  
We should forget where we digress ;

As Learned Authors use, to whom  
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.  
His puissant *Sword* unto his side  
Ne'er his undaunted Heart was ty'd,  
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,  
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.  
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,  
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,  
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,  
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.  
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,  
For want of Fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into it self, for lack  
Of some Body to hew and hack.  
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,  
The Rancor of its Edge had felt :  
For of the lower End two Handful ;  
It had devoured, 'twas so Manful ;

And

And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,  
As if it durst not shew its Face,  
In many desperate Attempts,  
Of Wars, of Exigents, Contempts,  
It had appear'd with Courage bolder  
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.  
Oft had it ta'en possession,  
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,  
That was but little for his Age :  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.  
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging,  
When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,  
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,

Toast Cheefe or Bacon, though it were  
To bait a Moufe-trap, 'twould not care.  
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth  
Set Leeks and Onions, and fo forth.  
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure.  
But left the Trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the fame Score.

In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,  
Two aged Pistols he did stow,  
Among the Surplus of fuch Meat  
As in his Hofe he could not get.  
They were upon hard Duty ftill,  
And every night ftood Centinel,  
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hofe  
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes.



Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
From peaceful home set forth to fight.  
But first with nimble, active Force  
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.  
For having but one Stirrup ty'd  
T' his Saddle on the further side,  
It was so short, h' had much ado  
To reach it with his desperate Toe.  
But after many strains and heaves,  
He got up to his Saddle Eaves.  
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat  
With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own Weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold on Tayl and Mayn,  
Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn.

But

But now we talk of mounting Steed,  
Before we further do proceed,  
It doth behove us to say something,  
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.  
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall:  
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State.  
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:  
And yet so fiery he would bound,  
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:  
That *Cesar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,  
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.

And

And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,  
(Some write) to take his Rider up :  
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)  
Would often do, to set him down.  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of Leather was upon his Back :  
For that was hidden under Pad,  
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.  
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd  
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd :  
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,  
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.  
His dragling Tayl hung in the Dirt,  
Which on his Rider he would flurt,  
Still as his tender Side he prickt,  
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt :  
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
As wisely knowing, could he stir

To active trot one side of's Horse,  
 The other would not hang an Arse  
 A Squire he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,  
 That in th' Adventure went his half.  
 (Though Writers, for more stately Tone,  
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:  
 And when we can with Meeter safe,  
 We'll call him so, if not, plain *Raph*:  
 For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,  
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.)  
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour  
 He had layd in, by Birth a Taylor.  
 The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd  
 With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land,  
 Did leave it with a Castle fair  
 To his great Ancestor, her Heir:

From

From his descended cross-legg'd Knights,  
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights  
Against the bloudy Canibal,  
Whom they destroy'd both great and small  
This sturdy Squire that had as well  
As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell,  
Nor with a counterfeited Pass  
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace,  
His Knowledge was not far behind  
The Knight's, but of another kind,  
And he another way came by't,  
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New Lights*,  
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains  
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.  
His Wits were sent him for a Token,  
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.  
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt  
With to and from my Love, it lookt,

Ho

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
To look a Gift-Horse in the mouth ;  
And very wisely would lay forth  
No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
But as he got it freely, so  
He spent it frank and freely too.  
For Saints themselves will sometimes be  
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,  
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,  
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,  
As easily as thread a Needle ;  
For as of Vagabonds we say,  
That they are ne'er beside their Way :  
What-e'er men speak by this *New Light*,  
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
'Tis a *dark-Lantern* of the Spirit,  
Which none see by but those that bear it.

# CANTO I

31

A Light that falls down from on high,  
 For Spiritual Trades to cozen by;  
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches  
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches;  
 To make them dip themselves, and foundle  
 For Christendom in dirty Pond;  
 To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,  
 And fish to catch Regeneration.  
 This Light inspires, and plays upon  
 The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drums;  
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,  
 As through a Trunk, or whispering Hole,  
 Such Language as no mortal Ear  
 But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.  
 So *Phœbus* or some Friendly Muse  
 Into small Poets Song infuse;  
 Which they at second-hand reherse  
 Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

C

Thus

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,  
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,  
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair;  
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware  
For Mystic Learning, wondrous able  
In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,  
Whose primitive Tradition reaches  
As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches;  
Deep sighted in intelligences;  
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;  
And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
Th'Intelligible World could say  
A deep occult Philosopher,  
As learn'd as the *Wild Tribes* are,  
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound  
And solid Lying much renew'd



He *Antroposophus*, and *Floud*, Gods to help  
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood;  
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm:  
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,  
 As he that *Vere adepts* earned.  
 He understood the Speech of Birds  
 As well as they themselves do Words;  
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean;  
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.  
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,  
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water,  
 Of Sov'raign Pow'r to make Men wise;  
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,  
 Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light.

By help of these (as he profess)  
He had *First Matter* seen undrest :  
He took her naked all alone,  
Before one *Rag of Form* was on,  
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,  
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd  
Not that of *Past-board*, which Men shew  
For Groats at *Fair of Barthol'mew* ;  
But its great Grandfire, first o' th' Name,  
Whence that and *Reformation* came :  
Both Cousin Germans, and right able  
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.  
But *Reformation* was some say,  
O' th' younger House to *Puppet-play* :  
He could foretel whatf'ever was  
By consequence to come to pass.  
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,  
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.

All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,  
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done  
By inward Light, a way as good,  
And easie to be understood.

But with more lucky hit than those  
That use to make the Stars depose,  
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge  
Upon themselves what others forge,

As if they were consenting to

All mischief in the World Men do:

Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em,

To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll search a Planet's House, to know

Who broke and robb'd a House below :

Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*

Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :

And though they nothing will confess,

Yet by their very Looks can guesse

And tell what guilty Aspects bodes  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods;  
 They'll question Mars, and by his look  
 Detect who 'twas that him 'd a Cloke since bro'  
 Make Mercury confess, and Peach  
 Those Thieves which he himself did teach.  
 They'll find 't in th' Physiognomics  
 O' th' Planets, all Mens Destinies  
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,  
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill,  
 Cast the Nativities o' th' Question,  
 And from Positions to be quest on,  
 As sure as if they knew the Moment  
 Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't,  
 They'll feel the pulses of the Stars,  
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;  
 And tell what Crises does Divine  
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;

In Men what gives or cures the Dock, bolts V. nest  
What make them Cuckolds, poor or rich; so hna  
What gains or loses, hangs or saves; ova  
What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;  
But not what Wise, for only of those  
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,  
No more than can the Astrologians.  
There they say right, and like true Trojans.  
The Ralphs knew, and therefore took  
The other Course, of which we spoke,

Thus was th' Accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'ous shrewd.  
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,  
Or Knight with Squire jump more right,  
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,  
As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,

Their Valours too were of a Race,  
And out they fall'd at the Gate,  
Few Miles on Horseback had they jogg'd,  
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogg'd.  
For they a sad Adventure mer,  
Of which we now prepare to Treat,  
But e'er we venture to unfold  
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned Poets use,  
Invoke th' Assistance of some *Muse*;  
However Criticks count it fillier  
Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.  
We think 'tis no great Matter which,  
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus do we accost,

Thus

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,  
 Didst inspire *Wishers, Pryns, and Vickers,*  
 And force them, though it were in spight  
 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;  
 Who, as we find in sullen Writs,  
 And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,  
 With Vanity, Opinion, Want,  
 The Wonder of the Ignorant,  
 The Praises of the Author, penn'd  
 By himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend,  
 The Itch of Picture in the Front,  
 With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon,  
 All that is left o' th' forked Hill  
 To make Men scribble without Skill,  
 Canst make a Poet spight of Fate,  
 And teach all People to translate;  
 Though out of Languages in which  
 They understand no Part of Speech,

Afflict me but this once, I'mplere,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western Cline there is a Town  
To those that dwell therein well known;  
Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
We unto them refer our Reader:  
For brevity is very good,  
When w' are, or are not understood  
To this Town People did repair  
On Days of Market, or of Fair,  
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,  
In Merriment did drudge and labor;  
But now a Sport more formidable  
Had rak'd together Village Rabble.  
'Twas an old Way of Recreating,  
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*:



A bold advent'rous Exercise,  
 With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;  
 For Authors do affirm it came  
 From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* Game.  
 Others derive it from the Bear,  
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,  
 And round about the Pole does make  
 A Circle like a Bear at Stake;  
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,  
 And over-turns the Rabble-Rout.  
 For after Solemn Proclamation  
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,  
 According to the Law of Arms,  
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
 I expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;

If

If they come wounded off and lame,  
No Honour's got by such a Maim.  
Although the Bear gain much, being bound  
In Honour to make good his Ground.  
When he's engag'd and take no notice,  
If any press upon you, who 'tis,  
But let them know at their own Cost  
That he intends to keep his Post.  
This to prevent, and other Harms,  
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,  
(For in the Hurry of a Fray  
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)  
Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
To keep the Peace 'twixt Dog and Bear;  
As he believ'd h' was bound to do  
In Conscience and Commission too.

And

And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;

We that are wisely mounted higher

Than Constables, in Curule Wir,

When on Tribunal Bench we sit,

Like Speculators should foresee,

From *Pharos* of Authority,

Portended Mischiefs farther then

Low Proletarian Tiring men.

And therefore being inform'd by Brute,

That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;

For so of late Men fighting name,

Because they often prove the same ;

(For where the first does hap to be,

The last does *coincidere*)

*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,

To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,

And

And try if we by Mediation  
Of Treaty and Accommodation  
Can end the Quarrel, and compose  
The bloody Duel, without Blows.  
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,  
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives  
Enough at once to lye at stake  
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* Sake?  
But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,  
As well as we must venture theirs?  
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,  
By *evil Counsel* is fomented,  
There is a *Machiavillian* Plot;  
(Though ev'ry *Nave* *offend* it not)  
A deep Design in't to divide  
The well-affected that confide,  
By setting Brother against Brother,  
To claw and curry one another.

Have we not reason to know,  
That Cause should never justify us?  
And shall we rent our Fangs and Claws  
Upon our own selves without Cause?  
That some occult Design doth lie  
In bloody *Civil Strife*,  
Is plain enough to him that knows  
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.  
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,  
But sure some Mischief will come of it;  
Unless by Providential Wit,  
Or Force, we averuncate it.  
For what Design, what Interest  
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?  
They fight for no espoused Cause,  
Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws;  
Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation;

Nor

Nor *Liberty of Conscience* they will  
 Nor Lords and Godly Ministers will  
 Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,  
 To get them in their own no Hands;  
 Nor *evil Counsellors* to bring  
 To Justice that seduce the King;  
 Nor for the Worship of us Men,  
 Though we have done as much for them:  
 Th' *Egyptians* worshipp'd *Dogs* and, for  
 Their Faith made fierce and zealous War;  
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some  
 For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom;  
 The *Indians* fought for the *Tongue*  
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* *Tooth*:  
 And many, to defend that Faith,  
 Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.  
 But no Beast ever was so flight,  
 For Man, as for his God to fight.

The

They have more Wit, Valas ! and know  
Themselves and us better than so  
But we, we only do infuse  
The Rage in them like *Bone-few* !  
'Tis our Example that instills  
In them th' Infection of our Ills.  
For as some late Philosophers  
Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse  
With Man, take after him, as Hogs  
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.  
Just so, by our Example, Cattel  
Learn to give one another Battel.  
We read, in *Nor* time, the Heathen,  
When they deffroy'd the *Christian Brethren*;  
They sow'd them in the Skins of Bears,  
And then set Dogs about their Ears :  
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralph*, Verily, have more  
 The Point seems very plain to be  
 It is an Antichristian Game,  
 Unlawful both in Thing and Name  
 First for the Name, the word *Banqueting*  
 Is carnal, and of Man's creating  
 For certainly there's no such Word  
 In all the Scripture on Record  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin  
 And so is (secondly) the Thing  
 A vile Assembly 'tis, that cannot  
 No more be prov'd by Scripture than  
 Provincial, Classick, National  
 Mere Humane Creature-Cobwebs all  
 Thirdly, It is Idolatrous  
 For when Men run a-whoring thus  
 With their Inventions, whatsoever  
 The thing be, whether Dog or Bear



It is Idolatrous and Pagan,  
No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;  
*Ralpho*, thou dost prevaricate.  
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st  
Be true *ad amissionem* as thou say'st,  
(For that *Beaz-baiting* should appear  
*Jure Divino* lawfuller  
Than *Synode* art, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem verbis*, so do I)

Yet there's a Fallacy in this,  
For if by fly *Homocostis*,  
Thou wouldst Sophistically imply  
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt  
But *Beaz-baiting* may be made out

In Gospel-times, as lawful as is  
*Provincial or Parochial Claffis* :  
And that both are fo near of Kin,  
And like in all as well as Sin,  
That put them in a Bag and Shake 'em,  
Your self o' th' fudden would miftake 'em,  
And not know which is which, unlefs  
You meafure by their Wickednefs :  
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
O' th' two is worft, though I name neither.

(Job c.)

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ft much,  
But art not able to keep touch.  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' Adage,  
*Id eft*, to make a Leek a Cabbage,  
Thou canft at beft but overftain  
A paradox and th' own-hot Brain,

For what can *Synods* have at all  
With *Bears* that's Analogical?  
Or what relation has debating  
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?  
A just Comparison still is,  
Of things *ejusdem generis*.  
And then what *Genus* rightly doth  
Include and comprehend them both?  
If *Animal*, both of us may  
As justly pass for *Bears* as they.  
For we are *Animals* no less,  
Although of different *Specieses*.  
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,  
Nor Time to argue out the Case:  
For now the Field is not far off,  
Where we must give the World a Proof  
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit  
Another manner of Dispute.

A Controversy that affords  
Actions for Arguments, not Words:  
Which we must manage at a Rate  
Of Prowess and Conduct adequate  
To what our Place and Fame doth promise,  
And all the godly expect from us.  
Nor shall they be deceived, unless  
W' are flurr'd and outed by Success:  
Success, the mark no mortal Wit,  
Or surest hand can always hit:  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,  
Which in Success oft dis inherits,  
For spurious Causes, noblest Merits.  
Great Actions are not always true Sons  
Of great and mighty Resolutions:  
Nor do the boldst Attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their Worth;

But

But some times fail, and in their stead  
 Fortune and Ooward life succeed.  
 Yet we have no great Cause to doubt  
 Our Actions still have born us out,  
 Which though th' are known to be so ample,  
 We need no Copy from Example,  
 We are not the only person durst  
 Attempt this Province, nor the first.  
 In Northern Cline a Val'rous Knight  
 Did whilom kill his Bear in Fight,  
 And wound a Fidler : we have both  
 Of these the Objects of our Wroth,  
 And equal Fame and Glory from  
 Th' Attempt of Victory to come.  
 'Tis sung, there is a Valiant *Mumaluke*  
 In foreign Land, yclep'd ———  
 To whom we have been oft compar'd  
 For Person, Parts; Address, and Beard ;

Both equally reputed stout,  
And in the same Cause both have fought,  
He oft in such Attempts as these  
Came off with Glory and Success,  
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,  
For want of equal Resolution.  
Honour is, like a Widow, won  
With brisk Attempt and putting on;  
With entering manfully, and urging;  
Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,  
So ours with rusty Steel did smite  
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much  
He mended Pace upon the Touch;  
But from his empty Stomach groan'd  
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,

And angry answer'd from behind,  
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.  
So have I seen with armed Heel,  
A Wight beset a Common-weal;  
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,  
The less the sullen Jade has stir'd.

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The

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The ARGUMENT of the  
SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character  
Of th' Enemies best Men of War ;  
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight  
Defies, and challenges to fight :  
He incounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;  
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,  
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.

CANTO II.

HERE was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,  
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,  
And swore the World, as he could prove,  
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :  
Just so *Romances* are, for what else  
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels* ?



O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter  
 To treat of, but a World o' th' latter!  
 In which to do the injur'd Right,  
 We mean in what concerns just fight.  
*Certes* our Authors are to blame,  
 For to make some well-sounding Name,  
 A Pattern fit for modern Knights  
 To copy out in Frays and Fights,  
 (Like those that a whole street do raze,  
 To build a Palace in the Place.)  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill without regard of Mothers,  
 Or Wives, or Children, so they can  
 Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,  
 Compos'd of many Ingredient Valors  
 Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors.  
 So a wild *Tartar* when he spies  
 A Man that's handsome, valiant, wife,

If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit  
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:  
As if just so much he enjoy'd  
As in another is destroy'd.  
For when a Giant's slain in Fight,  
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,  
It is a heavy Case, no doubt,  
A Man should have his Brains beat out,  
Because he's tall, and has large Bones;  
As Man kill Beavers for their Stones.  
But as for our Part, we shall tell  
The naked Truth of what befell;  
And as an equal Friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
With neither Faction shall take part,  
But give to each his due Desart;  
And never coyn a formal Lye on't,  
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profess, we hope's enough,  
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not  
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,  
That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,  
As they do term't, or *Succussion*)  
We leave it, and go on, as now  
Suppose they did, no matter how.  
Yet some from subtle Hints have got  
Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.

But let that pass: They now begun  
To spur their living Engines on.  
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,  
The learned hold are Animals:  
So Horses they affirm to be  
Mere Engines made by Geometry,

And

And were invented first from Engines,  
 As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*,  
 So let them be, and as I was saying,  
 They their live Engines ply'd, not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,  
 Which the Enemy did then incamp on,  
 The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel  
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,  
 And fierce Auxiliary Men,  
 That came to aid their Brethren,  
 Who now began to take the Field;  
 As from his Steed the Knight beheld  
 For as our modern Wits behold,  
 Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,  
 Much further off, much further he  
 Rais'd on his aged Beast could see:  
 Yet not sufficient to descry  
 All Postures of the Enemy.

And

And therefore orders the bold Squire  
 T' advance, and vict their Body higher,  
 That when their Motions he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own  
 Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steeds  
 To fit himself for Martial Deed:  
 Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd  
 Either to give Blows, or to ward,  
 Courage within, and Steel without,  
 To give, or to receive a Roun.  
 His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.  
 These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd  
 To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard:  
 And after many a painful Pluck,  
 He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.  
 Then shook himself to see that Prowess  
 In Scabbard of his Arms fate loose;

And

And rais'd upon his desperate Foot,  
 On Stirrup side he gaz'd about,  
 Portending Bloud, like Blazing Scar;  
 The Beacon of approaching War.

The Squire advanc'd with greater Speed  
 Than could b' expected, from his Steed;  
 But far more in returning made,  
 For now the Foe he had survey'd,  
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
 With *Van, main Battel, Wings and Rear*.

In th' Head of all this Warlike Rabble  
*Cromwell* march'd, expert and able;  
 Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,  
 That makes the Warriors Stomach come,  
 Whose Noise whets Valour sharp like Beer,  
 By thunder turn'd to Vinegar.

(For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,  
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)  
A squeaking Engine he apply'd  
Unto his Neck, on North-East side,  
Just where the Hangman does dispose  
To special Friends the fatal Noose:  
For 'tis *Great Grace* when *Statesmen* straight  
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.  
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings,  
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:  
For Guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,  
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:  
From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind  
Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.  
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,  
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:  
For he to Horse-Tayl scorn'd to owe;  
For what on his own Chin did grow.

*Chiron*, the four-legg'd Bard, had both  
A Beard and Tail of his own Growth ;  
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,  
He made use only of his Beard.  
In *Staffordshire* where Vertuous Worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth ;  
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King  
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String ;  
(As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,  
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd  
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,  
By Chance of War was beaten down,  
And wounded sore : his *Leg* then broke,  
Had got a Deputy of Oke :  
For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,  
The Knee with one of Timber's propt ;  
Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,  
And takes Place, though the younger Brother.



Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for  
Wise Conduct, and Success in War :  
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,  
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,  
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-Head,  
The Warrior to the Lifts he led ;  
With solemn March, and stately Pace,  
But far more grave and solemn Face :  
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,  
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.  
This Leader was of Knowledge great,  
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.  
Knew when t'ingage his *Bear* Pell-mell,  
And when to bring him off as well,  
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,  
And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,

Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,  
*Reverse of Judgment*, and *Demurrer*,  
To let them breathe a while, and then  
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,  
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,  
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey  
Of many a fierce and bloody Fray ;  
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,  
In Military *Garden-Paris*.  
For Souldiers heretofore did grow  
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now ;  
Until some splay-foot Politicians  
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,  
For licensing a new Invention :  
Th' 'ad found out of an Antique Engine,  
To root out all the Weeds that grow  
In publick Garden at a Blow,

And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,  
My Friends, that is not to be done,  
Not done? quoth *Statesmen*; yes, an't please ye,  
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.  
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.  
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.  
A Drum (quoth *Phæbus*) troth that's true,  
A pretty Invention quaint and new.  
But though of Voice and Instrument  
We are ('tis true) chief President;  
We such loud Musick do not profess,  
The Devil's Master of that Office,  
Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,  
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*  
To him apply your selves, and he  
Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.  
They did so, but it prov'd so ill;  
Th' had better have let them grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing  
Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin* :  
That which so oft by sundry Writers  
Has been apply'd t'almost all Fighters,  
More justly may b'ascrib'd to this,  
Than any other Warrior, (*viz.*)  
None ever acted both Parts bolder,  
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.  
He was of great Descent, and high,  
For Splendour and Antiquity,  
And from Cœlestial Origine  
Deriv'd himself in a right Line.  
Not as the ancient *Hero's* did,  
Who, that their base Births might be hid,  
(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,  
And that they came in at a Windore)  
Made *Jupiter* himself, and others  
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,

To get on them a Race of Champions,  
(Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*)  
*Arctophylax* in Northern Sphere  
Was his undoubted Ancestor :  
From him his Great Fore-fathers came,  
And in all Ages bore his Name.  
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,  
For by his Side a Pouch he wore  
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,  
That Wounds 6 Miles point-blank would folder,  
By skilful *Chymist* with great Cost  
Extracted from a Rotten Post ;  
But of a Heav'nlier Influence  
Than that which Mountebanks dispense ;  
Though by *Promethean* Fire made,  
As they do quack that drive that Trade.  
For as when Slovens do amiss  
At others Doors by Stool or Piss,

The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit  
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
Will convey mischief from the Dung  
Unto the part that did the wrong :  
So this did healing, and as sure  
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orfeu* was endu'd  
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,  
Incóparable : and as the Prince  
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,  
A skilful Leech is better far  
Than half a hundred Men of War ;  
So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,  
With Visage formidably grim,

And

And rugged as a *Saracen*,  
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin ;  
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*  
Of rough impenetrable Fur ;  
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,  
He wore for Ornament a Ring ;  
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,  
As tough as trebled leathern Target ;  
*Armed*, as *Heraulds cant*, and *langued*,  
Or, as the *Vulgar say*, *sharp fanged*.  
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey  
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray ;  
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,  
Which they do eat their Vittle with.  
He was by Birth, some Authors write,  
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,  
And'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,  
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,

That

That serve to fill up Pages here,  
As with their Bodies Ditches there.  
*Scrimansky* was his Cousin-German,  
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin;  
And when these fail'd he'd suck his Claws,  
And quarter himself upon his Paws.  
And though his Countrey-men the *Huns*,  
Did use to stew between their *Bums*,  
And their warm Horses Backs, their Meat,  
And ev'ry Man his Saddle eat:  
He was not half so nice as they,  
But eat it raw when't came in's Way.  
He had trac'd Countries far and near,  
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;  
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,  
Of Noble House, a Lady gay,  
And got on her a Race of Worthies  
As stout as any upon Earth is.



Full many a Fight for him between  
*Talgol* and *Orsin* oft had been ;  
Each striving to deserve the Crown  
Of a fav'd Citizen : the one  
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought  
To aid his *Dog* ; both made more stout  
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,  
*Church-fellow-membership*, and Blood ;  
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,  
Never got ought of him but Blows ;  
Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,  
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought ;  
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toyl,  
And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl.

Right many a Widow his keen Blade,  
And many a Fatherless, had made.  
He many a *Bore* and huge *Dun Cow*  
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.  
But *Guy* with him in Fight compar'd,  
Had like the *Bore* or *Dun Cow* far'd.  
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought  
Than *Ajax* or bold *Don Quixot* ;  
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,  
With Wings before and Stings behind,  
Subdu'd : as Poets say, long ago  
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.  
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,  
Disease, nor Doctour Epidemick,  
Though stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,  
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)  
E'er sent so vast a Colony  
To both the under Worlds as he.

For he was of that noble Trade  
That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,  
Slaughter and knocking on the Head ;  
The Trade to which they all were bred ;  
And is, like others, glorious when  
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
The former rides in Triumph for it ;  
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,  
For daring to prophane a thing  
So Sacred, with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came  
*Magnano* great in Martial Fame.  
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd Fight,  
'Tis sung he got but little by't.  
Yet he was fierce as Forest-Bore,  
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,

As thick as *Ajax* seven fold Shield,  
Which o'er his Brazen Arms he held.  
But Brass was feeble to resist  
The Fury of his armed Fist:  
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out  
Against his Blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,  
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;  
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,  
As *English Merlin* for his Heart;  
But far more skilful in the Sphears  
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.  
He could transform himself in Colour  
As like the Devil as a Collier;  
As like as Hypocrites in Show  
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,  
Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter :  
The *Cannon*, *Blunder-buss*, and *Saker*  
He was th' Inventor of and Maker :  
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle-Drum*  
Did both from his Invention come.  
He was the first that e'er did teach  
To make, and how to stop a Breach.  
A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,  
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike :  
And when their Forces he had join'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright  
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight :  
A bold *Virago* stout and tall  
As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*.

Through

Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,  
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,  
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,  
And never him or it forsook.

At Breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize :  
She shar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize :  
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,  
Behav'd her self with matchless Courage ;  
And laid about in Fight more busily,  
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry Shame,  
And say our Authors are to blame,  
That spight of all Philosophers,  
Who hold no Females stout, but Bears,  
And heretofore did so abhor  
Their Women should pretend to War,

They would not suffer the stout'st Damed yet  
 To swear by *Hercules* his Name;  
 Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,  
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;  
 To lay their native Arms aside,  
 Their Modesty, and ride a-stride;  
 To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield  
 Their naked Tools in open Field;  
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,  
 And she that would have been the Mistress  
 Of *Gundibert*, but he had Grace,  
 And rather took a Country Lass:  
 They say 'tis false, without all sense,  
 Out of pernicious Consequence  
 To Government, which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in Prose:  
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.

It may be so, yet what we tell  
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,  
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,  
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:  
And if they will not take our Word,  
We'll prove it true upon Record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,  
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;  
*Cerdon* the Great, renown'd in Song,  
Like *Herc'les*, for Repair of Wrong:  
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
The weak against the strongest Side,  
Ill has he read, that never hit  
On him in Muses deathless Writ,  
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,  
That through a Bull-hide Shield would pierce

And



And cut it in a thousand Pieces,  
Though tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;  
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor  
Was Comerade in the ten Years War:  
For when the restless *Greeks* late down  
So many Years before *Troy* Town,  
And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,  
For well-soal'd Boots, no less than Fights?  
They ow'd that Glory only to  
His Ancestor, that made them so.  
Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.  
Next Rectifier of Wry Law,  
And would make three to cure one Flaw.  
Learned he was and could take Note,  
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.  
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent.  
For Argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like Ram or Bull, at *Corienticle* :  
For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,  
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Côlon* came, bold Man of War,  
Destin'd to Blows by Fatal Star ;  
Right expert in Command of Horse,  
But cruel, and without Remorse.

That which of *Centaure* long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other Knights, was true of this,  
*He* and his *Horse* were of a piece.

One Spirit did inform them both,  
The self-same Vigour, Fury Wroth :  
Yet he was much the rougher Part,  
And always had a harder Heart ;

Although his Horse had been of those  
 That fed on Man's Flesh, as Fame goes,  
 Strange Food for Horse ! and yet alas,  
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.  
 Sturdy he was, and no less able  
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;  
 As great a Drovers and as great  
 A Critick too in Hog or Neat.  
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,  
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,  
 And Provender wherewith to feed  
 Himself, and his less-cruel Steed.  
 It was a Question whether He  
 Or's Horse were of a Family  
 More worshipful : till Antiquaries  
 (After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)  
 Did very learnedly decide  
 The Business on the Horse's side,

And prov'd not onely Horfe, but Cows;  
Nay Pigs, were of the elder house :  
For Beasts, when Man was but a piece  
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These Worthies were the Chief that led  
The Combatants each in the head.

Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,  
Ready and longing to engage.

The numerous Rabble was drawn out  
Of several Countreys round about,  
From Villages remote, and Shires,  
Of East and Western Hemispheres :  
From foreign Parishes and Regions,  
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,  
Came Men and Mastiffs ; some to fight  
For Fame and Honour, some for fight,

And

And now the Field Death, the Lifts,  
Were entred by Antagonists;  
And Bloud was ready to be broached;  
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,  
With Squire and Weapons to attack them:  
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them,

What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury  
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?  
What *Oestrums*, what Phrenetick Mood  
Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,  
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,  
And unreveng'd walks——Ghost?  
What Towns, what Garrisons might you  
With Hazard of this Bloud subdue,  
Which now y' are bent to throw away  
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?

Shall *Saints* in civil Bloudshed wallow  
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?  
The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore  
So boldly, shall we now give o're?  
Then because Quarrels still are seen  
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,  
The *Solemn League and Covenant*  
Will seem a meer *God-dam me* Rant;  
And we that took it, and have fought,  
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.  
For as we make War *for the King*  
*Against himself*, the self-same thing  
Some will not stick to swear we do  
For *God* and for *Religion* too.  
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,  
What good can *Reformation* do?  
The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.

Are these the Fruits o' th' *Protestation*.

The Prototype of *Reformation*,

Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,

Wore in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,

When 'twas resolv'd by either House

*Six Members* Quarrel to espouse?

Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,

With Zeal and Noises formidable;

And make all *Cries* about the Town

• Joyn Throats to cry the *Bishops* down?

Who having round begirt the Palace,

(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As Members gave the Sign about,

Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.

When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle

*Church-Discipline*, for patching *Kettle*.

No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn

To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The *Oyster-Women* look'd their Fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.  
The *Mouse-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,  
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.  
*Batchers* left old *Cloaths* in the *Lurch*,  
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.  
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead  
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread* :  
And some for *Broom*, old *Boots* and *Shoes*,  
Baul'd out to purge the *Common's House* :  
Instead of *Kitchinstuff*, some cry  
A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry* ;  
And some for Old *Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,  
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.  
A strange harmonious Inclination  
Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.  
And is this all ? Is this the End  
To which these *Carr'ings on* did tend ?

Hath



Hath *Publick Faith* like a young Heir  
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,  
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,  
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?  
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,  
And crowd as if they came too late?  
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,  
Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
Did they coin *Piss-pots*, *Bauls*, and *Flaggons*,  
Int' Officers of Horse, and *Dragoons*;  
And into Pikes and Musqueteers  
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?  
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*  
Did start up living Men, as soon  
As in the Furnace they were thrown,  
Just like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing sown.  
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,  
The *Brethrens* Off'rings, consecrate

Like

Like th' *Hebrew-Calf*, and down before it  
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it.  
So say the *Wicked*—and will you  
Make that *Sarcasimous Scandal* true,  
By running after *Dogs and Bears*,  
Beasts more unclean than *Calves or Steers*?  
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their *Tongues*,  
And *laid themselves out* and their *Lungs*:  
Us'd all *Means*, both direct and sinister,  
P' th' *Power of Gospel-Preaching Minister*?  
Have they invented *Tones* to win  
The *Women*, and make them draw in  
The *Men*, as *Indians* with a *Female*  
Tame *Elephant* inveigle the *Male*?  
Have they told *Providence* what it must do,  
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?  
Discover'd th' *Enemy's Design*,  
And which way best to countermine;

Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,  
Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*;  
Told it the *News* o'th' last Express,  
And after good or bad Success  
Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,  
As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,  
(Such as the *Army* did present  
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)  
In which they freely will confess,  
They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,  
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on  
In the same way they have begun,  
By setting Church and Common weal  
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,  
On which the Saints were all-a-gog,  
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*  
 To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,  
 To *Well-affected* Persons down,  
 In ev'ry City and great Town;  
 With Pow'r to levy Horse and Men,  
 Only to bring them back agen?  
 For this did many, many a Mile,  
 Ride manfully in Rank and File,  
 With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd  
 As if they to the *Pillory* rode.  
 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,  
 Been try'd by People of all Sorts,  
*Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,*  
 And all t'advance the *Cause's* Service?  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine Fray?  
 Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* fwore,  
 Each Man of us to run before

Another

Another still in *Reformation*,  
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a *Dispensation*?  
How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?  
What will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,  
That each Man swore to do his best,  
To damn and perjure all the rest:  
And bid the *Devil* take the *himself*.  
Which at this Race is like to win most.  
They'll say our Bus'ness to reform  
The Church and State, is but a Worm;  
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
T' an unknown Church Discipline,  
What is it else, but before-hand,  
T' ingage, and after understand?  
For when we swore to carry on  
The present *Reformation*,  
According to the purest Mode  
Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad.

What

What did we else but make a Vow  
 To do we know not what, nor how?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where, or what Churches these should be  
 And is indeed the self-same Cause  
 With theirs that swore t' *Et cetera's*;  
 Or the *French League*; in which Men vow'd  
 To fight to the last Drop of Bloud;  
 These Slanders will be thrown upon  
 The Cause and Work we carry on  
 If we permit Men to run headlong  
 T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,  
 Rather than *Gospel-walking* times,  
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes;  
 But we the Matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious Scandal,  
 In Name of King and Parliament,  
 I charge ye all, no more foment

Thb

This feud, but keep the peace between  
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men ;  
And to those Places straight repair  
Where your respective dwellings are.  
But to that purpose first surrender  
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,  
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief  
Author and Enginier of mischief ;  
That makes division between Friends,  
For prophane and malignant ends.  
He and that Engine of vile noise,  
On which illegally he plays,  
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought  
To condign Punishment as th'y ought.  
This must be done, and I would fain see  
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :  
For then I'l take another course,  
And soon *Reduce* you all by force.

This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,  
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol* who had long suppress'd  
Enflam'd Wrath in glowing Breast,  
Which now began to rage and burn as  
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,  
Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,  
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched ;  
Thou Tail of Worship that dost grow  
On Rump of Justice as of Cow ;  
How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage  
O' th' thy self, old Ir'n and other Baggage,  
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather  
Has broke his Wind in halting hither ;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy Lumber against us ?



Could thine Impertinence find out  
No Work t'employ it self about,  
Where thou, secure from Wooden Blow,  
Thy busy Vanity might'st show ?  
Was no Dispute a-foot between  
The *Caterwauling Brethren* ?  
No subtle Question rais'd among  
Those *out-o'-their Wits*, and those i' th' Wrong :  
No Prize between those Combatants  
O'th' time, the Land and Water-*Saints* ;  
Where thou might'st *stickle without Hazard*  
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard,  
And not for want of bus'ness come  
To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better Sort  
Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport ?  
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,  
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad ?

No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,  
To tye thee up from breaking loose?  
No Ale unlicens'd broken hedge,  
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,  
To keep thee busie from foul evil,  
And shame due to thee from the Devil?  
Did no Committee sit, where he  
Might cut out journey-work for thee;  
And set th' a task, with subornation,  
To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*;  
To *cheat* with *Holiness* and *Zeal*  
All Parties, and the Common-weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;  
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither.  
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull  
To keep within it's lodging whole,

And not provoke the rage of Stones  
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones ;  
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,  
And *lifting hands and eyes up* both  
Three time he smote on stomach stout,  
From whence at length these words broke out,  
Was I for this entir'led *Sir*,  
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,  
For Fame and Honour to wage Battel,  
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel ?  
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell  
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal ;  
Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,  
And sell thy Carrion for good meat ;  
Not all thy Magick to repair  
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy Work,  
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork ;  
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,  
Because by Bullock ne'er withstood ;  
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,  
And Axes made to hew down Lives ;  
Shall save or help thee to evade  
The hand of Justice, or this Blade,  
Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,  
For civil Deed and Military.  
Nor shall these Words of Venom base,  
Which thou hast from their Native place,  
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
Go unreveng'd, though I am free,  
Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,  
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.  
Nor shall it e'er be said, that Wight  
With Gantlet blue and Bases white,

And

And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,  
So great a man at Arms defy'd  
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,  
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.  
Dogs with their Tongues their wounds do heal;  
But Men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd  
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;  
And bending Cock, he level'd full  
Against the outside of *Talgol's* Skull;  
Vowing that he should ne'r stir further,  
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.  
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,  
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust  
Her *Gorgon*-shield, which made the Cock  
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.  
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,  
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight.

And he his rusty Pistol held  
To take the blow on, like a Shield ;  
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,  
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.  
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste  
Drew out his Sword ; yet not so fast,  
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack  
Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back.  
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,  
Couragiously he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal Foe the Truncheon,  
The trusty Cudgel did oppose  
It self against dead-doing blows,  
To guard its Leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd it self again,

And

And though the sword (some understood)  
In force had much the odds of Wood ;  
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.  
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd,  
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises Honour more.  
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death ;  
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
Expecting which should take, or kill.  
This *Hudibras* observ'd; and fretting  
Conquest should be so long a getting,  
He drew up all his force into  
One Body, and that into one Blow.  
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it  
By cunning slight ; for had it hit,

The

The Upper part of him the Blow  
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,  
To aid his Friend began to fall on,  
Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew  
A fierce Dispute betwixt them two :  
Th'one arm'd with Metal, th'other with Wood ;  
This fit for bruise, and that for bloud.  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang ;  
While none that saw them could divine  
To which side Conquest would encline ;  
Until *Magnano*, who did envy  
That two should with so many men vye,  
By subtle stratagem of brain  
Perform'd what force could ne'r attain ;



For he, by foul hap having found  
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,  
In haste he drew his weapon out  
And having crop'd them from the Root  
He clapp'd them under th' Horse's Tail  
With prickles sharper than a Nail.  
The angry Beast did straight resent  
The wrong done to his Fundament,  
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if h' had been beside his sense,  
Striving to disingage from Smart,  
And raging Pain, th' afflicted Part;  
Instead of which he threw the pack  
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;  
And blundring still with smarting rump,  
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,  
That stagger'd him. The *Knight* did stoop  
And sate on further side aslope.

This

This *Talgol* viewing, who had now  
By flight escap'd the fatal blow  
He rally'd, and again fell to't;  
For catching him by nearer foot,  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.  
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,  
In Pudding-time came to his aid,  
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;  
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown  
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.  
The Friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:  
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,  
And heavy brunt of Cannon ball.  
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,  
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well

In body, though his mighty Spirit,  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout.  
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'r, and from  
His jaws of Death he threw the some.  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more than ever Herauld drew him.  
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd  
From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd ;  
And vex't the more, because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms* :  
For Men he always took to be  
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy :  
Who never so much hurt had done him,  
As his own side did falling on him.

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they  
For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,  
And serv'd with Loss of Bloud so long,  
Should offer such inhumane wrong ;  
Wrong of unfoldier-like Condition :  
For which he flung down his Commission :  
And laid about him, till his Nose  
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose:  
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
Through thickest of his Foes he charg'd,  
And made way through th' amazed Crew,  
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,  
But took none ; for by hasty Flight  
He strove t'avoid the conquering *Knight* :  
From whom he fled with as much Haste  
And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.  
In Haste he fled, and so did they,  
Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way.

*Crowder*

*Crowdero* only kept the Field,  
Not stirring from the place he held,  
Though beaten down and wounded fore  
I th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore  
One side of him, not that of Bone,  
But much its betters, th' wooden one.  
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd  
Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,  
With fright of Fall supposed Wound,  
And loss of Urine, in'a Swoond,  
In haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb  
That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,  
And fitting it for sudden Fight,  
Straight drew it up, t'attack the *Knight*.  
For getting up on Stump and Huckle,  
He with the Foe began to buckle,

Vowing

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
Of Crowd and Shin upon the wretch,  
Sole author of all Detriment  
He and his Fiddle underwent.  
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun  
T' adventure resurrection  
From heavy squelch, and had got up  
Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)  
Looking about beheld the Bard  
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,  
He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled  
When he was falling off his Steed,  
(As Rats do from a falling house,)  
To hide it self from rage of blows ;  
And wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.  
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce  
The Leg encounter'd twice and once ;

And now 'twas rais'd to finite again,  
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.  
He took the Blow upon his Arm,  
To shield the *Knight* from further Harm;  
And joyning Wrath with Force, bestow'd  
On th' Wooden Member such a Load,  
That down it fell, and with it bore  
*Crowdero*, whom it propp'd before.  
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,  
And setting his bold Foot upon  
His Trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate Frenzy  
Made thee, (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy  
Thy self and all that Coward Rabble  
T' encounter us in Battle able?  
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship  
'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?  
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,  
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,

And th' other half of thee as good  
To bear out Blows as that of Wood?  
Could not the Whipping Post prevail  
With all its Rhetrick, nor the Gaol,  
To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,  
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?  
Which now thou shalt — but first our care  
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.

This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,  
And set him on his Bum upright:  
To rouse him from Lethargick Dump,  
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle Thump,  
Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been  
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.

They, wakened with the Noise, did fly  
From inward Room to Window Eye,  
And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,  
Lookt out, but yet with some Amazement.

This



This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,  
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: quoth he,  
Tweaking his Nose, you are, great Sir,  
*A Self-denying Conqueror*;  
As high, victorious and great,  
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
If you will give your self but leave  
To make out what y' already have;  
That's Victory the Foe, for dread  
Of your Nine-Worthiness, is fled,  
All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake  
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake:  
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,  
To be dispos'd as you think meet.  
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,  
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.  
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye  
Must sentence him to live, or dye.

His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
Won in the Service of the Churches;  
And by your doom must be allow'd  
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.  
For though success did not confer  
Just Title on the Conquerer;  
Though *dispensations* were not strong  
Conclusions whether right or wrong;  
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,  
And *Owning* were but a meer term:  
Yet as the *wicked* have no right  
To th' *Creature*, though usurp'd by might,  
The property is in the *Saint*,  
From whom th' injuriously detain't;  
Of him they hold their Luxuries,  
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,  
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,  
Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites;

All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,  
And ought t'injoy, if th'had their due.  
What we take from them is no more  
Than what was ours by right before.  
For we are their true *Landlords* still,  
And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,  
And by degrees grow valorous.  
He star'd about, and seeing none  
Of all his Foes remain, but one,  
He snatcht his Weapon that lay near him,  
And from the ground began to rear him;  
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay  
For all the rest that ran away.  
But *Ralpho* now in colder Blood,  
His Fury mildly thus withstood:

Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit  
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit  
To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner  
Than from your hand to have the Honour  
Of his Destruction. I that am  
So much below in Deed and Name,  
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,  
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.  
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot  
In cold Bloud, which you gain'd in hot?  
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,  
To break a Fiddle and your Word?  
For though I fought, and overcame,  
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.  
For Great Commanders alway own  
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.  
To save, where you have Power to kill,  
Argues your Pow'r above your Will?

And

And that your Will and Pow'r have less  
Than both might have of Selfishness.  
This Pow'r which now alive with Dread  
He trembles at, if he were dead,  
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe  
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:  
For Death would then be his Conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that Terror.  
If Danger from his Life accrue,  
Or Honour from his Death to you:  
'Twere Policy and Honour too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do,  
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,  
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.  
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain  
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:  
The Laurels that adorn their Brows  
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,

And living Foes the greatest Fame  
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.  
One half of him's already slain,  
The other is not worth your Pain,  
Th' Honour can but on one side light,  
As Worship did when y<sup>e</sup> were dubb'd Knight.  
Wherefore I think it better far,  
To keep him Prisoner of War;  
And let him fast in Bonds abide,  
At Court of Justice to be try'd:  
Where if h<sup>e</sup> appear so bold or crafty,  
There may be Danger in his Safety;  
If any Member there dislike  
His Face, or to his Beard have Pike;  
Or if his Death will save, or yield,  
Revenge or Fright, it is reveal'd,  
Though he has Quarter, ne'rtheless  
Y<sup>e</sup> have Pow'r to hang him when you please,

This

This hath been often done by some  
Of our great Conquerors; you know whom:  
And has by most of us been held  
Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*,  
For Words and Promises that yoke  
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,  
Like *Sampson's* Cuffs, though by his own  
Direction and Advice put on.  
For if we should fight for the *Cause*  
By Rules of Military Laws,  
And only do what they call just,  
The *Cause* would quickly fall to Dust.  
This we among our selves may speak,  
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*  
We must be cautious to declare  
*Prefection-Truths*, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous Mettle  
Of *Knight*, began to cool and settle.  
He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and soon  
Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done :  
And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
*Crowdero's* Hands on Rump behind,  
And to its former Place and Use  
The Wooden Member to reduce :  
But force it take an Oath before,  
Ne'r to bear Arms against him more.

*Ralpho* dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,  
He gave Sir *Knight* the End of Cord,  
To lead the Captive of his Sword  
In Triumph, while the Steeds he caught,  
And them to further Service brought.



The *Squire* in State, rode on before,  
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore  
The *Trophee-Fiddle* and the *Cafe*,  
Plac'd on his Shoulder like a Mace.  
The *Knight* himself did after ride,  
Leading *Crowdero* by his side,  
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind;  
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.  
Thus grave and solemn they march on,  
Until quite through the Town th'had gone,  
At further end of which there stands  
An ancient Castle, that commands  
Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick  
You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,  
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell  
Of Magick made impregnable,  
There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,  
Port cullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:

And

And yet Men durance there abide;  
In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide ;  
With Roof so low, that under it  
They never stand, but lye, or sit ;  
And yet so foul, that whoſo is in,  
Is to the Middle-leg in Priſon,  
In Circle Magical confin'd,  
With Walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,  
Which none are able to break thorough,  
Until th'are freed by Head of Borough.  
Thither arriv'd th' advent'rons *Knight*  
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,  
At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands  
A Baſtile, built t'imprison Hands ;  
By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter  
The leſſer Parts, and free the greater.  
For though the Body may creep through,  
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist  
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,  
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,  
As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'r stirs out of the place.  
On top of this there is a Spire,  
On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*  
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Cafe*,  
In manner of a Trophee, place.  
That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,  
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.  
*Crowdero* making doleful face,  
Like Hermit poor in pensive Place,  
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet :  
But th' other that had broke the peace,  
And head of Knighthood, they release,

Though

Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,  
Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged ;  
While his Comrade that did no hurt,  
Is clapt up fast in Prison for't.  
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,  
*Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.*

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THE

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## The ARGUMENT of the THIRD CANTO.

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*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,  
Surround the Place ; the Knight does sally,  
And is made Pris'ner : then they seize  
Th' Inchanted Fort by Storm, release  
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place.  
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

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## CANTO III.

---

**A**Y me ! what Perils do environ  
The Man that meddles with cold Iron !  
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps  
Do dog him still with After-Claps !  
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile  
And leer upon him for a while ;

She'll

She'll after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his Glories; a Dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say,  
Pth' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;  
For *Hadibras*, who thought h' had won  
The Field as certain as a Gun,  
And having routed the whole Troop,  
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;  
Think h' had done enough to purchase  
*Thanksgiving-day* among the Churches,  
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth  
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,  
And Register'd by Fame eternal,  
In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal*?  
Found in few minutes to his Cost,  
He did but *Count without his Host*?  
And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,  
Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout,  
O'rethrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear  
From bloody Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,  
(All but the Dogs who in pursuit,  
Of the *Knight's* Victory stood to't,  
And most ignobly fought to get  
The Honour of his Bloud and Sweat)  
Seeing the Coast was free and clear  
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,  
Took heart again and fac'd about,  
As if they meant to stand it out :  
For now the half defeated *Bear*  
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,  
Finding their number grow too great  
For him to make a safe retreat,

Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,  
Retiring still, until he found  
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground ;  
And then as valiantly made head,  
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled ;  
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick  
Of warrior stout and Politick.  
Until in spight of hot pursuit,  
He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute,  
On better terms, and stop the course  
Of the proud Foe. With all his force  
He bravely charg'd, and for a while  
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil :  
But still their numbers so increas'd  
He found himself at length oppress'd,

And



And all evasions so uncertain.  
To save himself for better fortune,  
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
To die with honour in the field,  
And sell his Hide and Carcass at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e're he could. This Resolution  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
The Enemy i' th' greatest throng.  
But what could single Valour do  
Against so numerous a Foe?  
Yet much he did, indeed too much  
To be believ'd, where th' odds was such:  
But one against a multitude,  
Is more than mortal can make good.  
For while one party he oppos'd,  
His Rear was suddainly enclos'd,

And no room left him for retreat,  
Or fight against a Foe so great.  
For now the Massives charging home  
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come :  
While manfully himself he bore,  
And setting his right-foot before,  
He rais'd himself to shew how tall  
His person was above them all.  
This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd  
In th' Enemy, that one should beard  
So many Warriors and so stout  
As he had done and stand it out,  
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,  
And yield on honourable Terms,  
Enraged thus some in the Rear  
Attack'd him and some ev'ry where,  
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,  
And being down still laid about ;

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CANTO III. 131

---

As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps  
Is laid to fight upon his Stumps:

But all, alas ! had been in vain,  
And he inevitably slain,  
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick  
To rescue him had not been quick.  
For *Trulla* who was light of Foot,  
As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot  
(But not so light as to be born  
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,  
Or tript it o're the Water quicker  
Than Witches when their Staves they liquor,  
As some report) was got among  
The formost of the Martial Throng ;  
Where pitying the vanquisht Bear,  
She call'd to *Cerdon* who stood near,

Viewing the bloody fight, to whom  
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,  
And see stout *Brain* all alone  
By numbers basely overthrown ?  
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,  
In story not to be believ'd :  
And 't would to us be shame enough,  
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb  
To second thee, and rescue him :  
But then we must about it straight,  
Or else our aid will come too late.  
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
And therefore cannot long hold out.  
This said, they wav'd their weapons round  
About their heads, to clear the ground ;

And

And joyning Forces laid about  
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.  
Mean while th' approach'd the place where *Bruin*  
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine :  
The conquering Foe they soon assail'd ;  
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,  
Until their Massives loos'd their hold :  
And yet, alas ! do what they could,  
The worsted *Bear* came off with store  
Of bloody wounds, but all before.  
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,  
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,  
Made proof against dead-doing steel  
All over but the Pagan heel ;  
So did our Champion's Arms defend  
All of him but the other end,

His Head and Ears, which in the Martial  
Encounter lost a Leathern Parcel :

For as an *Austrian Archduke* once  
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*  
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd  
Close to his Head ; so *Bruin* far'd :

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd ;  
Or like the late-corrected Leathern  
Ears of the *circumcised Brethren*.

But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring  
He wore in's Nose convey'd a String,  
With which She marcht before, and led  
The Warrior to a grassy Bed,  
As Authors write, in a cool shade,  
Which Eglantine and Roses made,  
Close by a softly murmuring Stream  
Where Lovers use to loil and dream.

There

There leaving him to his repose,  
Secured from pursuit of Foes,  
And wanting nothing but a Song,  
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung  
Upon a Bough to ease the Pain  
His tugg'd Ears suffer'd, with a strain,  
They both drew up to march in quest  
Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd  
For stout maintaining of his Ground  
In standing Fights than for pursuit,  
As being not so quick of foot)  
Was not long able to keep pace  
With others that pursu'd the Chace,  
But found himself left far behind,  
Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd  
So basely by a multitude,  
And like to fall not by the prowess,  
But numbers of his Coward Foes.  
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,  
Forcing the Vallies to repeat  
The Accents of his sad regret.  
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,  
For loss of his dear Crony *Bear* :  
That Echo from the hollow ground  
His doleful wailings did resound  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small Poets splay-foot rhimes,  
That make her, in their ruthful stories,  
To answer to Inter'gatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
To things of which she nothing knows :

And



And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.

Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,  
Art thou fled to my—Echo, *ruine*?

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guesp.*

Am not I here to take thy part?

Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?

Have these Bones rattled, and this Head

So often in thy quarrel bled?

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,

For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget,*

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,

Thou turn'd thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish.*

To run from those th' hadst overcome

Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mam.*

But what a-vengeance makes thee fly

From me too, as thine Enemy?

Or

Or if thou hast no thought of me  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yea Shame and Honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning Tail :  
For who would grutch to spend his Bloud in  
His Honour's cause ? Quoth she a *Puddin*.  
This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,  
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd ;  
Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place  
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.  
He vow'd the Authors of his Woe  
Should equal Vengeance undergo ;  
And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear  
For what he suffer'd and his *Bear*.  
This being resolv'd with equal speed  
And Rage he hasted to proceed  
To Action straight, and giving o're  
To search for *Bruin* any more,

He

He went in quest of *Hudibras*,  
To find him out, where e're he was :  
And if he were above ground, vow'd  
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on  
This resolute Adventure gone,  
When he encounter'd with that Crew  
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.  
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,  
Did equally their Breasts enflame.  
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,  
And *Talgol* Foe to *Hudibras* ;  
*Cerdon* and *Colon*, warriors stout  
And Resolute as ever fought :  
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke.

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The

The vile affront, that poultry Afs  
And feeble *Scondrel Hudibras*,  
With that more poultry *Ragamuffin*  
*Ralpho*, with vapouring and huffing,  
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,  
As if th' had routed us in battel?  
For my part, it shall ne'r be fed,  
I for the washing gave my Head:  
Nor did I turn my back for fear  
Of them, but losing of my Bear,  
Which now I'm like to undergo;  
For whether these fell wounds, or no,  
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
Is more than all my skin can foretel.  
Nor do *I know* what is become  
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.  
But if I can but find them out  
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,

Where

Where e'r th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)  
I'll make them rue their handy-work ;  
And wish that they had rather dar'd,  
*To pull the Devil by the Beard.*

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast  
Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
And so has ev'ry body here  
As well as thou hast or thy *Bear*.  
Others may do as they see good ;  
But if this twig be made of Wood  
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur  
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,  
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,  
That brav'd us all in his behalf.  
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,  
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.

My self and *Trulla* made a shift  
To help him out at a dead lift ;  
And having brought him bravely off,  
Have left him where he's safe enough :  
There let him rest ; for if we stay,  
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said they all engag'd to joyn  
Their Forces in the same Design ;  
And forthwith put themselves in search  
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.  
Where leave we them a while to tell  
What the Victorious *Knight* befel :  
For such, *Crowdero* being fast  
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.  
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow  
No where so green as on his Brow :

Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
With conquering toil he now retir'd  
Unto a Neighbouring Castle by,  
To rest his Body and apply  
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise  
He got in fight, *Reds, Blacks, and Blues*;  
To mollify th' uneasie pang  
Of ev'ry honourable Bang.  
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,  
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt  
O'th'inside, of a deadlier sort,  
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand  
Upon a Widow's Joynture-Land,  
(For he, in all his amorous Battels,  
No' dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,  
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight* ;  
The shaft against a Rib did glance,  
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.  
But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,  
After he found his suit in vain.  
For that proud Dame, for whom his soul  
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
(That Belly that so oft did ake  
And suffer griping for her sake,  
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs  
Had almost brought him off his Legs)  
Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,  
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,  
That cut his Mistress out of stone,  
Had not so hard-a-hearted one.  
She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks :

'Mong



'Mong which one cross-grain'd Freak she had,  
As insolent as strange and mad :  
She could love none but only such  
As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;  
Not love, if any lov'd her ? ha day !  
So Cowards never use their might,  
But against such as will not fight.  
So some Diseases have been found  
Only to seize upon the found.  
He that gets her by heart must say her  
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.  
Mean while the *Knight* had no small Task,  
To compass what he durst not ask.  
He loves but dares not make the Motion ;  
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.  
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
Rides with his Face to rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull he's fain to love,  
Look one way, and another move ;  
Or like a Tumbler that does play  
His game, and look another way,  
Until he seize upon the Coney :  
Just so does he by Matrimony.  
But all in vain : her subtile Snout  
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;  
Which she return'd with too much Scorn,  
To be by man of Honour born.  
Yet much he bore, till the Distress,  
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress,  
Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain  
He had endur'd from her Disdain,  
Turn'd to regret, so resolute  
That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play least in fight.

This

This resolution b'ing put on,  
He kept some Months, and more had done;  
But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
The Victory he atchiev'd so late,  
Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope  
A Door to discontinu'd Hope,  
That seem'd to promise he might win  
His Dame too, now his hand was in;  
And that his Valour and the Honour  
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,  
These Reasons made his Mouth to water  
With amorous Longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, Who knows  
But this brave Conquest or'e my Foes  
May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,  
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

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If nothing can oppugne Love,  
And Vertue invious ways can prove,  
What may not he confide to do  
That brings both Love and Vertue too?  
But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,  
Two things that seldom fail to hit.  
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,  
Which Women oft are taken in.  
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear  
To be, thou art a Conquerer.  
Fortune th' audacious both *juvare*,  
But lets the timidoꝝ miſcarry.  
Then while the Honour thou haſt got  
Is ſpick and ſpan-new, piping hot,  
Strike her up bravely thou haſt beſt,  
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,  
More than his Bangs or Fleas, from sleep.  
And as an Owl that in a Barn  
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,  
Sits still and shuts his round blue Eyes,  
As if he slept until he spies  
The little Beast within his reach,  
Then starts and seizes on the Wretch.  
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,  
To seize upon the Widow's Heart;  
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,  
*Ralpho* dispatch, To horse, to horse.  
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout  
We left engag'd to seek him out,  
By speedy marches were advanc'd  
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,  
And had all th' Avenues possess'd  
About the place, from East to West.

That done, a while they made a Halt,  
To view the Ground, and where t' assault :  
Then call'd a Council which was best,  
By Siege or Onslaught to invest  
The Enemy : and 'twas agreed,  
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.  
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely fort,  
They now drew up t' attack the Fort.  
When *Hudibras*, about to enter  
Upon another Gate's adventure,  
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,  
Not dreaming of approaching storm.  
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care  
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,  
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,  
To which he was an utter Stranger ;  
That Foresight might, or might not blot  
The Glory he had newly got ;

Or to his shame it might be fed,  
They took him napping in his Bed :  
To them we leave it to expound,  
That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courser scarce he had bestrid,  
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,  
When setting ope the Postern Gate,  
To take the Field, and sally at,  
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
Ready to charge them in the Field.

This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,  
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight.

The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh  
He thought began to smart afresh :  
Till recollecting wonted courage,  
His Fear was soon converted to Rage.  
And thus he spoke. The Coward Foe,  
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

Look,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,  
As if they had out-run their Fears,  
The Glory we did lately get,  
The Fates command us to repeat.  
And to their Wills we must succumb,  
*Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.  
This is the same numerick Crew  
Which we so lately did subdue,  
The self-same Individuals that  
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,  
When we courageously did wield  
Our Martial Weapons in the Field  
To tug for Victory : and when  
We shall our shining Blades agen  
Brandish in terrour o're our Heads,  
They'l straight resume their wonted Dreads,  
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes  
And haunts by fits those whom it takes,

And



And they'l opine they feel the Pain  
And Blows they felt to day, again.  
Then let us boldly charge them home,  
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,  
He call'd upon his *Mistress*'s name.  
His Pistol next he cockt anew,  
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew :  
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,  
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt ;  
As expert Warriors use : then ply'd  
With Iron heel his Courser's side,  
Conveying Sympathetick speed  
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal Rage,  
And speed advancing to engage,

Both

Both Parties now were drawn so close,  
Almost to come to handy-Blows.

When *Orsin* first let fly a Stone  
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one  
As that which *Diomed* did maul  
*Aeneas* on the Bum withal:

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
T'have sent him to another World;  
Whether above Ground or below,  
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.

The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,  
And made him some few Steps retire.

But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,  
And rouz'd his Spirits half dismay'd;

He wisely doubting left the Shot  
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,  
Might at a distance gall, prest close,  
To come, pell-mell, to handy-Blows,

And

And that he might their Aim decline,  
Advanc'd still in an oblique Line ;  
But prudently forbore to fire,  
Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher :  
As expert Warriours use to do,  
When hand to hand they charge the Foe.  
This Order the advent'rous *Knight*  
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight ,  
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,  
And for the Foe began to stickle.  
The more shame for her *goody-ship*,  
To give so near a Friend the slip.  
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,  
Level'd so right it thumpt upon  
His manly Paunch with such a Force,  
As almost beat him off his Horse.  
He loos'd his Weapon, and the Reyn ;  
But laying fast hold on the Mane,

Preserv'd

Preserv'd his Seat : And as a Goose  
In death contracts his Talons loose ;  
So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw  
The Tricker of his Pistol draw.  
The Gun went off : and as it was  
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,  
In all his Feats of Arms, when least  
He dreamt of it, to prosper best ;  
So now he far'd : the shot let fly  
At randome 'mong the Enemy,  
Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gabberdine, and grazing  
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing  
Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,  
Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon* :  
He tumbled down and as he fell,  
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.  
This startled thir whole body so,  
That if the *Knight* had not let go

His

His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,  
H' had won (the second time) the fight.  
As if the *Squire* had but faln on,  
He had inevitably done :  
But he diverted with the care  
Of *Hudibras* his Wound, forbare  
To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,  
While danger did the rest dishearten.  
He had with *Cerdon* been engag'd  
In close encounter, which both wag'd  
So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say  
Which side was like to get the day.  
And now the busie work of Death  
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
Preparing to renew the Fight ;  
When th' hard disaster of the *Knight*  
And th' other Party did divert,  
And force their fullen Rage to part.

Ralpho

*Ralpho* prest up to *Hudibras*.

And *Cerdon*, where *Magnano* was ;

Each striving to confirm his Party

With stout Encouragements and hearty.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,

And let Revenge and Honour stir

Your Spirits up, once more fall on,

The shatter'd Foe begins to run :

For if but half so well you knew

To use your Victory as subdue,

They durst not after such a Blow

As you have giv'n them, face us now ;

But from so formidable a Soldier

Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.

Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft

Wav'd o're their Heads, and fled as oft.

But if you let them recollect

Their Spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,

You'l

You'l have a harder game to play,  
Than yet y' have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard  
By *Hudibras* with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
He lately took, than *Ralph's* harangue;

To which he answer'd, Cruel fate  
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.

The knotted blood within my hose,  
That from my wounded body flows,

With mortal *Crisis* doth portend  
My days to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,  
Either of Fortitude or Wit.

*Fortune* my foe begins to frown,  
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

I am not apt upon a Wound,  
Or trivial Baffing to despond :  
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail.  
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,  
Or that we'd time enough as yet  
To make an honourable Retreat,  
'Twere the best course : but if they find  
We fly and leave our Arms behind,  
For them to seize on, the Dishonour  
And Danger too is such, I'll sooner  
Stand to it boldly and take quarter,  
To let them see I am no Starter.  
In all the trade of War no Feat  
Is nobler than a brave Retreat.  
For those that run away, and fly,  
Take Place at least of th' Enemy.



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This said, the *Squire* with active speed  
 Dismounted from his bonny steed  
 To seize the Arms which by mischance  
 Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.  
 These being found out, and restor'd  
 To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,  
 The active *Squire* with might and main  
 Prepar'd in hast to mount again.  
 Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;  
 But by his weighty Bum as oft  
 He was pull'd back: till having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising Ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike Steed,  
 And having plac'd him right with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.  
 When *Orsin* who had newly drest  
 The bloody Scar upon the shoulder  
 Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,

And now was searching for the Shot

That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,

Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforefaid

Preparing to climb up his Horse-side.

He left his Cure, and laying hold

Upon his Arms with Courage bold,

Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,

The Enemy begins to rally :

Let us that are unhurt and whole

Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.

This faid, like to a Thunderbolt

He flew with Fury to th' Assault,

Striving the Enemy to attack

Before he reacht his Horse's back.

*Ralpho*, was mounted now, and gotten

O'erthwart his Beast with active vaulting,

Wrigling his body to recover  
 His seat, and cast his right Leg over;  
 When *Orsin* rushing in bestow'd  
 On Horse and Man so heavy a load,  
 The Beast was startled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
 Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,  
 Or stout King *Richard*, on his back:  
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 Mean while the *Knight* began to rowse  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess;  
 He thrust his Hand into his Hose,  
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,  
 'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd.  
 This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,  
 Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;

Couragiously he fac'd about,  
And drew his other Pistol out,  
And now had half-way bent the Cock,  
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,  
With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,  
That down it fell and did no Harm;  
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.  
The *Knight* his Sword had only left  
With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,  
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,  
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.  
He with his Launce attackt the *Knight*  
Upon his Quarters opposite.  
But as a Barque that in foul weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,  
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,  
And knows not which to turn him to:

So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,  
And knew not which of them t' oppose.  
Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce  
At *Hudibras*, by spightful Chance,  
Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd  
And laid him flat upon the Ground.  
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,  
And raising up himself on Stirrup,  
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,  
And I shall straight dispatch another,  
To bear thee Company in death:  
But first I'll halt a while and breath.  
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd  
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,  
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,  
And cure the Hurt he made before.  
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,  
To breath himself, and next find out

Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
He might the ruffled foe infect.  
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,  
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,  
While he was busy in the care  
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware ;  
But he was quick, and had already  
Unto the part apply'd remedy ;  
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
Then like a Warrior right expert  
And skillful in the martial Art,  
The subtle *Knight* streight made a halt,  
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,  
And then (in order) to retire ;  
Or, as occasion should invite,  
With Forces joyn'd renew the fight.

Ralpho

*Ralpho* by this time disentranc'd,  
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,  
Though sorely bruise'd; his Limbs all o're  
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.  
Right fain he would have got upon  
His feet again, to get him gone;  
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)  
Courage, the day at length is ours,  
And we once more as Conquerours,  
Have both the Field and Honour won,  
The Foe is profligate and run,  
I mean all such as can, for some  
This hand hath sent, to their long home;  
And some lye sprauling on the ground  
With many a gash and bloody wound.

*Cæsar* himself could never say  
He got two Victories in a day;  
As I have done that can say, twice I  
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*,  
The Foe's so numerous, that we  
Cannot so often *vincere*,  
As they *perire*, and yet enough  
Be left to strike an after-Blow,  
Then left they rally and once more  
Put us to fight the Business o're,  
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,  
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were  
In Case for Action, now be here;  
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd;



It was for you I got these Habins,  
 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.  
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd  
 My Limbs of Strength: unless you stoop  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,  
 I shall lie here, and be a Prey  
 To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras* :)  
 We read, the Ancients held it was  
 More honourable far *Servare*  
*Civem*, than slay an Adversary,  
 The one we oft to day have done;  
 The other shall dispatch anon.  
 And though th<sup>r</sup> art of a diff'rent Church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This

This said, he jogg'd his good Stead nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently toward the Squire.  
 Then bowing down his Body stretcht  
 His Hand out, and at *Ralph* reacht ;  
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like Lightning behind.  
 She had been long in search about  
*Magnano's* wound, to find it out :  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him was got.  
 But having found the worst was past,  
 She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the Prisoners,  
 Which all in feat of Arms was hers :  
 And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,  
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew  
 To succor him ; for as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load

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Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
On th'other side, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoondrel* base, (quoth she) or dye;  
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.

But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,

To try thy fortune o're a fresh,  
I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,

Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:

And if thou hast the heart to try't,

I'll lend thee back thy self a while,

And once more for that carcass vile.

Fight upon tick—Quoth *Hudibras*,

Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,

And I shall take thee at thy word.

First let me rise, and take my sword,

That

That Sword which has so oft this day  
Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,  
And some to other Worlds dispatcht,  
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,  
Will blush with Bloud ignoble stain'd,  
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.  
But if thou'lt take m'advice in this,  
Consider while thou mayst what 'tis  
To interrupt a Victor's Course,  
B<sup>3</sup> opposing such a trivial Force :  
For if with conquest I come off,  
(And that I shall do sure enough)  
\*Quarter thou canst not have, nor Grace,  
By law of Arms in such a Case;  
Both which I now do offer freely.  
I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,

(Clapping

(Clapping her hand upon her Breech,  
 To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)  
 Quarter, or Counsel from a Foe :  
 If thou canst force me to it, do,  
 But lest it should again be sed,  
 When I have once more won thy Head,  
 I took thee napping unprepar'd,  
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,  
 And on the *Knight* let fall a peal  
 Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,  
 That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.  
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy,  
 It is not fighting *Arse-verse*  
 Shall serve thy turn—This stirr'd his Spleen  
 More than the Danger he was in.

The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
Although th' already made him reel.  
Honour, despight, revenge and shame,  
At once unto his stomach came ;  
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm  
Above his Head, and rain'd a storm  
Of blows so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hush her quick.  
But she upon her truncheon took them,  
And by oblique diversion broke them ;  
Waiting an opportunity  
To pay all back with usury.  
Which long she fail'd not of, for now  
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow  
Resolving to decide the fight,  
And she with quick and cunning flight  
Avoiding it, the force and weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,

As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
No sooner she th' advantage found,  
But in she flew, and seconding  
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
She laid him flat upon his side,  
And mounting on his Trunk a-fride,  
Quoth she, I told thee what would come  
Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.  
Say, will the Law of Arms allow  
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?  
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword.  
A Man of War to damn his Soul,  
In basely breaking his Parole,  
And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd  
To give no Quarter in cold blood :  
Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar*,  
To make m' against my will take quarter :

M

Why

Why dost not put me to the Sword,  
But cowardly fly from thy word?  
Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;  
Thou and thy Sars have cast me down:  
My Laurels are transplanted now,  
And flourish on thy conq'ring Brow:  
My Loss of Honour's great enough.  
Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff:  
Sarcasmes may eclipse thine own,  
But cannot blur my lost Renown:  
I am not now in Fortune's Power,  
*He that is down can fall no lower.*  
The ancient *Heroes* were illustrious  
For b'ing benigne, and not blustrous,  
Against a vanquisht Foe; their Swords  
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words;  
And did in Fight but cut Work out  
T' employ their Courtesies about.

Quoth



Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,

Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd

As thou didst vow to deal with me,

If thou hadst got the Victory ;

Yet I shall rather act a part

That suits my Fame, than thy desert.

Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside

All that's on the outside of thy Hide,

Are mine by military Law,

Of which I will not bate one straw :

The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,

Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late

For me to treat or stipulate ;

What thou Commandst I must obey,

Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,

Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too,  
 Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they  
 Let one another run away,  
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
 That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?

*Crowdero*, whom in Irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's* pound  
 Where still he lies, and with regret  
 His generous Bowels rage and fret.  
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,

And serve to be exchange for him.

This said the *Knight* did straight submit,  
 And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next

Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,  
And with it did himself resign,  
She took it, and forthwith devesting  
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,  
Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
Then threw it o're his sturdy back.  
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,  
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,  
The length of Breeches, and the gathers.  
Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;  
Just so the proud insulting Lass  
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst  
In hurry of the fight disperst,  
Arriv'd, when *Trulla*'d won the day,  
To share in th' Honour and the Prey,

• And out of *Hudibras* his Hide  
With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;  
Which now they were about to pour  
Upon him in a wooden shower.  
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,  
And striding o're his back agen,  
She brandisht o're her head his sword,  
And vow'd they should not break her word ;  
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood  
Or theirs should make their quarter good.  
For she was bound by Law of Arms,  
To see him safe from further harms.  
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast  
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast ;  
Where to the hard and ruthless stones  
His great Heart made perpetual moans.  
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*  
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopt their fury, and the basting  
Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.  
They thought it was but just and right,  
That what she had achiev'd in fight  
She should dispose of how she pleas'd :  
*Crowdero* ought to be releas'd ;  
Nor could that any way be done  
So well as this she pitcht upon :  
For who a better could imagine ?  
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.  
The *Knight*, and *Squire*, first they made  
Rise from the ground where they were laid ;  
Then mounted both upon their Horses,  
But with their Faces to the *Arses*.  
*Orsin* led *Hudibras's* beast,  
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,

Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*  
 And *Colon* waited as a guard on,  
 All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the rear  
 With th' Arms of either prisoner.  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,  
 Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,  
 Where stout *Crowdera* in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed, than shows  
 And triumphs over conquer'd Foes  
 Do use t' allow, or than the *Bears*  
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,  
 In order Soldier-like contriv'd,  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for Battel as for Muster.  
 The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,

They all advanc'd, and round about  
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*,  
*Magnan*' led up in this adventure,  
And made way for the rest to enter.  
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,  
No less than he that built the Fort;  
And with an Iron Mace laid flat  
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
And in the wooden Dungeon found  
*Crowdero* laid upon the ground.  
Him they release from durance base,  
Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Case*,  
And liberty, his thirsty rage  
With luscious vengeance to assuage.  
For he no sooner was at large,  
But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,  
And in the self-same *Limbo*, put  
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.

Where

Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,  
Their bangs and durance to condole,  
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow ;  
In the same order and array  
Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras* who scorn'd to stoop  
To Fortune, or be said to droop,  
Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,  
And Sayings of Philosophers.  
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his mind  
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
And cannot be laid by the heels,  
What e'r the other moiety feels.  
'Tis not Restraint or Liberty  
That makes Men prisoners or free ;

But



But perturbations that possess  
The Mind or *Æquanimities*.

The whole world was not half so wide

To *Alexander*, when he cry'd

Because he had but one to subdue,

As was a paultry narrow tub to

*Diogenes*, who is not fed

(For ought that ever I could read)

To whine, put finger i' th' eye and sob,

Because h' had ne'r another *Tub*.

The Ancients make two several kinds

Of Prowess in heroick minds,

The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant ;

Both which are *pari libra* gallant :

For both to give blows and to carry,

In fights are equeneccessary ;

But in defeats, the *Passive* flour

Are always found to stand it out

Most

Most desp'rarely, and to outdoe  
 The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring Poe.  
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,  
 Or as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd:  
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd; can lose no honour by't.  
 Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,  
 And cannot be *extended* from  
 The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,  
 Not to be forfeited in Battel.  
 If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,  
 He that is beaten may be fed  
 To lye in Honour's *Truckle-bed*,  
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when adorn'd with all his light  
 He shines in Serene Sky most bright:

So Valour in a low estate,  
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know  
We may by being beaten grow;  
But none that see how here we sit,  
Will judge us overgrown with wit.  
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by  
A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply  
*Illumination* can convey  
Into them what they have to say,  
But not how much; so well enough  
Know you to charge, but not draw off;  
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,  
Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,  
And might with Honour have come off,  
Would put it to a second proof;

A politick exploit, right fit  
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wis.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone;  
*Ralpho*, thou always harp'st upon:  
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,  
Thou make'st *Presbytery* thy scale  
To take the height on't and explain  
To what degree it is prophane,  
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)  
Thy *light Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*:  
As if *Presbytery* were a standard  
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.  
Dost not remember how this day  
Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,  
That thou couldst prove *Bear-baiting* equal  
With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?

Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,  
And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Truly that is no  
Hard Matter for a Man to do,  
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,  
And could believe it worth his pains,  
But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'l find I've light enough to do it.

*Synods* are mystical *Bear-gardens*,  
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Churchwardens*,  
And other members of the Court,  
Manage the *Babylonish* sport.  
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,  
Do differ only in a mere word.  
Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*  
Of carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:

Both

Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,  
 To mischief bent as far as they can lie;  
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,  
 The one with Man, the other Beasts.  
 The difference is, The one fights with  
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;  
 And that they bait but Bears in this,  
 In th' other Souls and Consciences,  
 Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake  
 For Gospel-light and Conscience sake;  
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
 Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs,  
 Than whom th' have less humanity,  
 For these at souls of Men will fly.  
 This to the Prophet did appear,  
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of Church-rule in this latter Age:

As

As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.  
*Bears* naturally are Beasts of prey,  
That live by Rapine, so do they,  
What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*  
*Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,*  
But sev'ral mystick chains they make,  
To tie poor Christians to the stake?  
And then set heathen *Officers,*  
Instead of *Dogs,* about their ears.  
For to prohibit and dispence,  
To find out or to make offence,  
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,  
To play with Souls at fast and loose;  
To set what Characters they please,  
And mulcts on Sin or Godliness,  
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order,*  
By *Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther.*

N

To

To make *Presbytery* supream,  
And *Kings* themselves submit to them;  
And force all people, though against  
*Their Consciences*, to turn *Saints*,  
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,  
When *Saints* Monopolists are made.  
When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts  
Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,  
There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,  
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

*Synods* are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,  
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,  
And growing up became the Sires  
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;  
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight  
To cast a figure for mens *Light*;



To find in lines of Beard and Face,  
The Physiognomy of *Grace* ;  
And by the sound and *twang* of *Nose*,  
If all be found within disclose,  
Free from a crack or flaw of finning,  
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.  
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,  
Give certain guesses at inward *Light* ;  
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,  
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.  
The *Handkerchief* about the neck  
(Canonical *Cravat* of *Smeck*,  
From whom the Institution came,  
When Church and State they set on flame,  
And worn by them as badges then  
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* Men)  
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*  
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion  
That *Grace is founded in Dominion.*  
Great *Piety* consists in Pride ;  
To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :  
To domineer, and to controul  
Both o're the Body and the Soul,  
Is the most perfect *discipline*  
Of Church-rule and by *right divine.*  
*Bel* and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were  
More moderate than these by far :  
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,  
To get their Wives and Children meat ;  
But these will not be fobb'd of so,  
They must have Wealth and Power too,  
Or else with bloud and desolation  
They'l tear it out o' th' heart o' th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive  
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,  
When *Butchers* were the onely *Clerks*,  
*Elders* and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,  
Whose *Directory* was to *kill* ;  
And some believe it is so still.  
The onely difference is, that then  
They slaughter'd onely *Beasts*, now *Men*.  
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,  
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,  
They count a vile Abomination,  
But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.  
*Presbytery* does but translate  
The Papacy to a *Free State*,  
A *Common-wealth* of *Popery*,  
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*  
As well as *Rome*, and must maintain  
A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan* :

Where ev'ry *Prebyter* and *Deacon*  
Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;  
And ev'ry *Hamlet*'s governed  
By's *Holiness*, the *Church*'s head,  
More haughty and severe in's place  
Than *Gregory* and *Boniface*.  
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster  
With many heads : for if we consider  
What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,  
According to th' Apostles mind,  
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*  
With many heads did ride upon ;  
Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe  
Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-elder*, *Scribe*.

*Lay-elder*, *Simcon* to *Levi*,  
Whose little Finger is as heavy

As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,  
Archbishop-secular. This ZeLOT

Is of a mungrel, divers kind,  
*Clerick* before, and *Lay* behind ;

A Lawless *Linsy-woolsey Brother*,  
Half of one Order, half another ;

A Creature of amphibious nature,  
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water ;

That alway preys on Grace, or Sin ;

A Sheep without, a Wolf within.

This fierce Inquisitor has chief

Dominion over mens Belief

And Manners ; can pronounce a *Saint*

Idolatrous, or ignorant,

When superciliously he sifts

Through courtest Boulter others *gifts*.

For all Men live and judge amiss

Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.

He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place  
On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,  
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,  
Whose Pastors are but th' Handywork  
Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling  
Divinity in them by feeling.  
From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,  
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.  
So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope  
At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,  
They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast ;  
For *haste* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.  
The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make  
Are false, and built upon mistake.

And

And I shall bring you, with your pack  
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back ;  
And put your Arguments in mood  
And figure, to be understood.  
I'll force you by right ratiocination  
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,  
And make you keep to th' question close,  
And argue *Dialecticss*.

The Question then, to state it first,  
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,  
*Synods* or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow  
To be the *worst*, and *Synods* thou.  
But to make good th' Assertion,  
Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.  
If so, not *worst* ; for if th' are *idem*,  
Why then *Tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the *same*, by course  
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.  
But I deny they are the *same*,  
More than a *Maggot* and I am.  
That both are *Animalia*,  
I grant, but not *Rationalia* :  
For though they do agree in kind,  
Specifick difference we find,  
And can no more make *Bears* of these,  
Than prove *my Horse* is *Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,  
Thou dost affirm ; but I say no :  
And thus I prove it, in a word,  
Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impowr'd  
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,  
Can be no *Synod* : but *Bear-garden*



Has no such pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none,  
And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question  
Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;  
For that was, Whether *Bears* are better  
Than *Synod-men*? I say *Negatur*.  
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,  
Is held by all : They'r better then.  
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,  
As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*.  
'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails* ;  
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails* ;  
Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*  
Grows o're the Hide of *Presbyter* ;  
Or that his *snout* and *spacious Ears*  
Do hold proporion with a *Bear's*.

A *Bear*'s a savage Beast, of all  
Most ugly and unnatural,  
Whelpt without form, until the Dam  
Have lickt him into shape and frame ;  
But all thy *light* can ne'r evict  
That ever *Synod-man* was lickt ;  
Or brought to any other fashion  
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugne thy self and sense, that is,  
Thou would have *Presbyter* to go  
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.  
A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,  
Made up of pieces Heterogene,  
Such as in Nature never met  
*In eodem Subjecto* yet.

Thy

Thy other Arguments are all  
Supposures, Hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.  
Much thou hast said ; which I know when,  
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,  
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*  
Are all but plagiary shifts ;)  
And is the same that *Ranter* fed,  
That arguing with me, broke my head,  
And tore a handful of my Beard :  
The self-same Cavils then I heard,  
When b'ing in hot dispute about  
This Controversie, we fell out ;  
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse  
Of *Humane Learning* you produce ;  
*Learning* that Cobweb of the Brain,  
*Profane*, erroneous, and vain ;  
A trade of Knowledge as repleat  
As others are with fraud and cheat ;  
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and Wit,  
And render both for nothing fit ;  
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,  
Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet ;  
A cheat that Scholars put upon  
Other mens reason and their own ;  
A Fort of Error, to enſconce  
Absurdity and Ignorance ;  
That renders all the avenues  
To Truth impervious and abstruse,  
By making plain things, in debate,  
By Art, perplex and intricate :

For

For nothing goes for Sense or *Light*  
That will not with old rules jump right.  
As if Rules were not in the Schools  
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Pagan, Heathenish* invention  
Is good for nothing but Contention.  
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,  
All blows do on the Target light :  
So when Men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,  
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast  
*Out-run the Constable* at last ;  
For thou art fallen on a new  
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But

But to the former opposite,  
And *contrary as black to white* ;  
Mere *Disparata*, that concerning  
*Presbytery*, this *Human Learning* ;  
Two things I' averse, they never yet  
But in thy rambling fancy met.  
But I shall take a fit occasion  
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,  
Some other time, in place more proper  
Than this w' are in : therefore let's stop here,  
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,  
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-



# Annotations

TO THE

## FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.

**B**Ind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-man.

As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat.

*Mountaigne* in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his time, in playing with her.

Profoundly skill'd in *Analytique*.

*Analytique* is a part of *Logick* that teaches to decline and construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

A Babylonish Dialect.

A Confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* us'd to express themselves in.

That had the Orator who once.

*Demosthenes*, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak With little Stones in his Mouth.

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences,



Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the nicest Subtilties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtiller things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

Where Truth in Person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem*. Met. L. 2.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be frozen in the Air, And at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various  
O 2 Opinions

opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

By a High-Dutch Interpreter.

*Goropius Becanus* endeavours to prove that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

If either of them had a Navel.

*Adam* and *Eve* being made and not conceiv'd, and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have suppos'd, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like

Like *Mahomet's* were Afs and Widgeon.

*Mahomet* had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Afs was so intimate with him that the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow  
In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those times.

So Learned *Taliacotius*, &c.

*Taliacotius* was an *Italian* Chirurgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

But left the Trade, as many more  
Have lately done, &c.

*Oliver Cromwel* and Colonel *Pride* had been both  
Brewers.

That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

*Julius Cæsar* had a Horse with feet like a man's.  
*Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, &  
in modum digitorum ungulis fissis.* Suet. in *Jul.*  
Cap. 61.

The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd  
With subtil shreds, a Tract of Land.

*Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much  
Land as she could compass with an Oxe's Hide,  
which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated  
the Owner of so much Ground, as serv'd her  
to bulid *Carthage* upon.

As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell.

*Aeneas* whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden  
Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Taylors call  
that place Hell, where they put all they steal,

In Magick, *Talisman*, and *Cabal*.

*Talisman* is a device to destroy any sort of Vermin,  
by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise mi-  
nute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do  
them

them all the mischief they can, This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

*Raymund Lully* interprets *Cabal* out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*, which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over magnifying has rendered a very superfluous Foppery.

As far as *Adam's* first Green Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* indeavours to prove the Learning of the ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
The Intelligible World could say.

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

As Learn'd as the Wild Irish are.

No Nation in the world is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as ap-

pears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as learned,  
As he that *vere Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

*Vere Adeptus*, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance.

Thou, that with Ale, or viler Liquors,  
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He translated *Virgil's Aeneids* into as horrible *Travesty* in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burlesque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the politique Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the  
Knight

Knight in his own words : but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike ; And too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent : The rest of his Harangues have only his Sense express'd, in other Words, unless in some few places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

### In Bloudy Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contained : and our Knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same Opinion.

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind , which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

The *Indians* fought for the Truth  
Of th'Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written  
by

by *Monfieur le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portuguese* from those that worship't it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.

*Boute-feus* is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

As *Indian Britains* are from *Penguins*.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the *Brittish* Tongue: from whence (with other Words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are originally deriv'd from the *Brittains*.

And



And though his Country-men the *Huns*.

This custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunii Semicruda cujusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pap. 686.

— He spous'd in *India*,  
Of Noble House a Lady gay.

The story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that married a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame  
To swear by *Hercules's* Name.

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædopol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune, &c.*

As

As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances,  
that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five  
Members of Treason in the House of Com-  
mons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down  
to *Westminster-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the  
Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Make that Sarcasimous Scandal true !

Abusive or insulting had been better, but our  
*Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more  
convenient to understand in, than his own Mo-  
ther-Tongue.

And is indeed the self-same Case,  
With theirs that swore t' *Et cætera*s.

The Convocation in one of the short Parliaments  
that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont  
to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be ta-  
ken by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical  
obediënce; in which they injoynd their Bre-  
thren,

thren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with &c.

Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd,  
To fight to the last drop of Bloud.

The Holy *League in France*, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the *Protestant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League and Covenant* here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murther of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation. So did the *French* in the *Holy League*, to fight to the last drop of Bloud.

First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd.

Staving and Tayling are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: though they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Or

Or like the late corrected Leathern  
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

*Pryn*, *Bastwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their  
Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the God-  
ly Party, who not long after maintain'd their  
Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good  
and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took pos-  
session of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Pope's Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a  
Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it  
That unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Pope's Bull*  
*Baited*.

Canonical Crabat of *Smec*.

*Smeetymnus* was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-  
forth, The Characters of whose Names and Ta-  
lents were by themselves exprest, in that sense-  
less and insignificant word; They wore Hand-  
kerchers about their Necks for a Note of Di-  
stinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament  
Army then did) which afterwards degenerated  
into Carnal Crabats.

And

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation is a Word the *Knight* was passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

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*FINIS.*

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# HUDIBRAS.

---

*The Second Part.*

---

By the Author of the First.

---

CORRECTED and AMENDED

WITH

Several Additions and Annotations.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Chiswell, T. Sawbridge,  
R. Bentley, and G. Wells, 1693.

HUDIBRAS.

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LONDON.

Printed for R. Clift, T. Sandridge,  
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*The Second PART of*  
**HUDIBRAS.**

*The Argument of the first CANTO.*

*The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in Prison,  
 The last unhappy Expedition,  
 Love brings his action on the Case!  
 And lays it upon Hudibras  
 How he receives the Ladies visit,  
 And cunningly sollicit his Jure,  
 Which she defers; yet on Parol,  
 Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

**CANTO I.**

**B**UT now, to observe Romanick method,  
 Let trusty Steel a while be sheathed;  
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
 Of Battinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,  
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,  
 To let our Reader breath a while:

In which that we may be as brief as  
 Is possible, by way of *Preface*,  
 'Tis not enough to make one strange,  
 That some mens fancies shou'd ne'er change,  
 But make all People do and say  
 The same thing's still the self-same way;  
 Some Writers make all *Ladies* purlou'd,  
 And *Knights* pursuing like a whirl-wind:  
 Others make all their *Knights* in fits  
 Of Jealousie to lose their wits;  
 Till drawing blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,  
 Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.  
 Some always thrive in their *Amours*,  
 By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;  
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.  
 Some force whole Regions in despite  
 O' *Geography* to change their site:

Make former times shake hands with latter.  
 And that which was before come after.  
 But those that write in *Rhime*, still make  
 The one *Vers*e for the other's sake;  
 For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,  
 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight  
 We lately left the captiv'd *Knights*  
 And pensive *Squire*, both bruil'd in body,  
 And conjur'd into safe *Custody*:  
 Tyr'd with *Dispute*, and speaking *Liberty*,  
 As well as *hastling*, and *Bear-baiting*,  
 And desperate of any course,  
 To free himself by wit or force;  
 His only Solace was, that now  
 His dog-bolt Fortune was so low,  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend:

In which he found th' event, no less  
 Than other times, besides his guess,  
 There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
 (But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,  
 That like a thin *Camelion* boards  
 Her self on Air, and eats her words:  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears,  
 Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,  
 And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,  
 Made good by deep *Mythologist*.  
 With these she through the Welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries *Truth* oft *Eyes*;  
 With Letters hung like *Eastern Pigeons*,  
 And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;  
*Diurnals* writ for *Regulation*  
 Of Lying, to inform the Nation;  
 And by their Publick use to bring down  
 The rate of *Wheatstones* in the Kingdom;

About her neck a Packet-Male,  
 Brought with Advice, some fresh, some stale,  
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And Cows of *Menfiers* brought to bed;  
 Of Hailstones big as *Bullets* Eggs,  
 And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs,  
 A Blazing-Star seen in the *West*,  
 By six or seven Men at least:  
 Two Trumpets she does sound at once,  
 But both of clean contrary tones,  
 But whether both with the same Wind,  
 Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not, only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;  
 And therefore vulgar *Authors* name  
 Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.  
 This rattling *Gossip* knew too well  
 That mischief *Hudibras* befell.

And streight the spiteful tidings bears  
 Of all to th' unkind Widow's Ears.  
*Democritus* ne're laugh'd so loud,  
 To see *Bawds* carried through the crowd,  
 Or Funerals with stately Pomp,  
 March slowly on in solemn dump,  
 As she laugh'd out, until hern back,  
 As well as sides, was like to crack.  
 She vow'd she would go see the fight,  
 And visit the distressed Knight,  
 To do the office of a Neighbour,  
 And be a Gossip at his Labours,  
 And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,  
 To set at large his Fetter-locks,  
 And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,  
 To free him from th' enchanted Mansion,  
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood,  
 And Usher, Implements abroad

b n R

Which

Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting *Dam'sel* to attend her,  
All which appearing, on she went,  
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:  
And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout *Squire* in the Pound;  
Both coupled in enchanted Tether  
By farther Leg behind together:  
For as he sat upon his Rump,  
His Head, like one in doleful dump,  
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd  
Unto his Ears on either side;  
And by him, in another hole,  
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl;  
She came upon him in his wooden  
*Magician's* Circle on the sudden,  
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjuror,  
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No

No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,  
But streight he fell into a Fever,  
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
To be seen by her in such a place,  
Which made him hang the Head, and scoul,  
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.  
He felt his brains begin to swim,  
When thus the Dame accosted him;  
This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,  
That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,  
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:  
Look, there are two of them appear  
Like Persons I have seen somewhere;  
Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,  
For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghosts*,  
With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns, and some  
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:

But



But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,  
 That give a wrong account of Faces,  
 That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,  
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted,  
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if 't had lately been in Combat,  
 It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,  
 Howe're this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard  
 To take kind notice of his *Beard*,  
 And speak with such respect and honour,  
 Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner;  
 He thought it best to set as good  
 A Face upon it as he cou'd,  
 And thus he spoke: *Lady*, Your bright  
 And radiant Eyes are in the right;  
 The *Beard's* th' *Ideotick Beard* you knew,  
 The same numerically true;

Nor

Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,

But its Proprietor himself.

Oh Heavens! quoth she, can that be true?

I do begin to fear 'tis you;

Not by your individual Whiskers,

But by your Dialect and Discourse;

That never spoke to Man or Beast

In notions vulgarly exprest.

But what malignant Star, alas

Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the War,

Which I am less afflicted for,

Than to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*

By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed,

For being honourably main'd;

If he that is in Battle conquer'd,

Have any Title to his own *Beard*,

70VI

Though

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
It does your visage more adorn,  
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starcht, and lander'd,  
And cut square by the *Russian* Standard.  
A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most rents in;  
That Petticoat about your Shoulders  
Does not so well become a Soldier's  
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Although i' th' rear, your *Beard* the van led;  
And those uneasy bruises make  
My heart for company to ake,  
To see so worshipful a Friend  
I' th' Pill'ry set at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,  
Is (as the learned *Stoicks* maintain)  
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
But meerly as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
As well in counterfeiting Pain  
As other gross *Phænomena's*,  
In which it oft mistakes the Case;  
But since th' immortal Intellect  
(That's free from Errour and Defect,  
Whose objects still persist the same)  
Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
Which nought external can expose  
To gross material bangs or blows,  
It follows we can ne're be sure,  
Whether we pain or not endure;  
And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
As by the Fancy is believ'd:  
Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And dy'd of meer opinion straight;  
Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion, nor Discretion;

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,  
 That *Mice* (as Histories relate)  
 Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in  
 His postick parts without his feeling;  
 Then how is't possible a kick  
 Shou'd e're reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's balled to feel pain,  
 Because the *Pangs* his bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the Cure;  
 Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage  
 With *Pain* no medicine can allwage.

Quoth he, That *Honour*'s very Iquemish  
 That takes a basting for a Blemish;  
 For what's more honorable than *scars*,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in *Wars*?  
 Some have been beaten till they know  
 What Wood a *Cudgels* of by th' blow;

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
 A Shoe be *Spanish* or *Near's-Leather*;  
 And yet have met, after long running,  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning  
 The farthest way about, t' overcome,  
 In th' end does prove the nearest home;  
 By *Laws* of learned *Duellists*  
 They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fists*,  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultrons*;  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.  
 Th' old *Romans* freedom did bestow,  
 Our *Princes* worship, with a blow;  
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenatick  
 And testy *Courtiers* with a kick,  
 The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*  
 Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd,

And Pardon'd for some great offence  
With which he's willing to dispence ;  
First has him laid upon his *Belly*,  
Then beaten *back*, and *side*, t' a *Jelly*;  
That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
And gives thanks for the gracious blows ;  
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
Of his magnificent *Rib-roasting*.  
The beaten *Soldier* proves most manful,  
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Avail*,  
And justly's held more formidable,  
The more his Valour's malleable ;  
But he that fears a *Baslinado*,  
Will run away from his own shadow ;  
And though I'm now in *durance* fast,  
By our own *Party* basely cast,  
*Ransome*, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,  
And worse than by the *Enemy* us'd ;

In close *Catasta* shut, past hope  
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:  
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend  
To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend:  
And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,  
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:  
I'll make this low dejected *Fate*  
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, 'Y' have almost made m' in Love  
With that which did my pity move,  
Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,  
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:  
Th' extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,  
Like *East* and *West*, become the same:  
No *Indian-Prince* has to his *Palace*  
More follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.  
But if a *Beating* seem so brave,  
What *Glories* must a *Whipping* have?

Such



Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail  
 To cast Salt on a *Woman's Tail*;  
 For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*  
 Of *Passive Courage* were so gallant  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I cou'd grow *Amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,  
 He prick'd up's ears, and stroak'd his *Beard*;  
 Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,  
*Wines* work when *Vines* are in the flower;  
 This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,  
 And put her boldly to the *Question*.

*Madam*, what you wou'd seem to doubt,  
 Shall be to all the World made out,  
 How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*,  
 And *Magnanimity* I bear it,  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake my *self* down against you!

And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,  
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*  
Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers;  
And though I prais'd your *Valour*, yet  
I did not mean to balk your *Wit*,  
Which if you have, you must needs know  
What I have told you before now,  
And you b' experiment have prov'd  
I cannot *love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*  
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*;  
So Cheats to play with those still aim  
That do not understand the Game.  
*Love* in your heart as idly burns  
As Fire in antique *Roman* Urns,  
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light  
Those only that see nothing by't.

Have

Have you not pow'r to *entertain*,  
And render *Love* for *Love* again?  
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*  
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?  
Or do you love your self so much,  
To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?  
What *Fate* can lie a greater Curse  
Than you upon your self wou'd force?  
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say,  
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.  
It is a kind of *Rape* to marry  
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:  
For what does make it *Ravishment*,  
But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent*?  
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane  
For being acted by a *Woman*.  
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us  
To love you, that you may despise us

But though you cannot *love*, you say,  
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,  
Why shou'd you not, at least, allow  
Those that *love* you to do so too?  
For, as you fly me, and pursue  
*Love* more averse, so I do you;  
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught  
To practice what you call a *fault*.

Quoth she, If what you say be true,  
You must fly me, as I do you;  
But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway,

Quoth he, To bid me not to *love*,  
Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,  
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,  
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:  
Command me to piss out the Moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done,

Love's power's too great to be withstood  
By feeble humane *flesh* and *blood*.  
Twas he that brought upon his knees  
The *Hectring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;  
Reduc'd his *Leager-lion's* skin  
T' a *Petticoat*, and made him spin;  
Siez'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle  
T' a feeble *Distaff*, and a *Spindle*;  
Twas he made *Emperors* Gallants  
To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts*;  
Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,  
To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:  
Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,  
And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgess*;  
Made those that represent the *Nation*  
Submit, and suffer *Amputation*,  
And all the *Grandeers* of th' *Caball*  
Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.

He mounted *Synod-men* and rode 'em  
To *Durty-lane*, and *little Sodom*;  
Made 'em corvet, like *Spanish* Jeners,  
And take the Ring at *Madam*——  
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do  
More than the Dev'l cou'd tempt him to;  
In cold and frosty weather grow  
Enamour'd of a Wife of *Snow*,  
And though she were of *rigid* temper,  
With melting *flames* accost and tempt her;  
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,  
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,  
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?  
Why is't not dam'd, and interdicted  
For *Diabolical* and wicked?  
And song, as out of tune, against,  
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the *Saints*?

I find I've greater reason for it,  
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects  
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects  
Of *Love's* great Pow'r, which he returns  
Upon your selves with equal scorns;  
And those, who worthy *Lovers* slight,  
Plague's with prepost'rous Appetite:  
This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*  
To take a *Town-Bull* for her Sweet;  
And from her greatness stoop so low,  
To be the Rival of a Cow:  
Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,  
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.  
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow,  
By's Representative a *Negro*:  
'Twas this made *Vestal* Maids love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd Quick.

Some

Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,  
To be made *Mistresses* and *Mothers* :  
'Tis this that Proudest *Dames* enamours  
On *Lacques*, and *Varlets des-Chambers*,  
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty *Grooms*,  
To slight the *World*, and to disparage  
*Claps*, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust Men with their *Oaths*, or prove  
Their *faith* and *secrecie* in *love* :

Says he, There is as weighty reason  
For *Secrecie* in *Love* as *Treason*.

*Love* is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,  
That at the *Window-eye* does steal in  
To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey  
Steals out again a closer way,

Which



Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
*Love* is a fire that burns and sparkles  
In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Char-coals*,  
Which sooty *Chymists* stop in holes,  
When out of Wood they extract Coals;  
So *Lovers* shou'd their *Passions* choak,  
That though they burn, they may not smok,  
'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole  
And drag'd *Beasts* backwards into's hole:  
So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us *Men*  
Draws by the Tails into his Den;  
That no *impression* may discover,  
And trace t'his *Cave* the weary *Lover*.  
But if you doubt I shou'd reveal  
What you entrust me under Seal,  
I'll prove my self as close and vertuous  
As your own *Secretary, Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
In hiding what your aims propose:  
*Love-Passions* are like *Parables*,  
By which Men still mean something else:  
Though *Love* be all the World's pretence,  
Money's the *Mythologick* fence,  
The real substance of the shadow  
Which all Address and Courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your *Play*,  
And how to quit you your own way;  
He that will win his *Dame* must do  
As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,  
With one hand thrust the *Lady* from,  
And with the other pull *her* home.  
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great  
Provocative to am'rous heat;  
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,  
That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out:

'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flowre,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:  
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*  
At their own Weapons are outdone:  
That makes *Knight-Errant* fall in trances,  
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:  
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all  
That men *Divine* and *Sacred* call;  
For what is *Worth* in any thing,  
But so much *Money* as 'twill bring?  
Or what but *Riches* is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own;  
In which no Creature goes his half,  
Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh*?  
I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*  
I'd have a Wife at second hand;  
And such you are: Nor is't your person  
My stomach's set so *sharp* and *fierce* on,

But

But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;  
Let me your *Fortune* but possess,  
And settle your person how you please,  
Or make it o'er in trust to th' *Devil*,  
You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false *Mock-passion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,  
Or any feat of *Qualm*, or *Swooning*,  
But *hanging* of your self, or *drowning*;  
Your only way with me to *break*  
Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck:  
For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrown  
Like *Nine-pins*, they strike others down;  
So that wou'd break my *heart*, which done,  
My tempting *Fortune* is your own.  
These are but trifles ev'ry *Lover*  
Will damn himself over and over,

And

And greater matters undertake  
For a less worthy *Mistress*-sake:  
Yet th' are the only ways to prove  
Th' unfeign'd *realities* of Love;  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough  
For mere *experiment*, and *proof*;  
It is no jesting, trivial matter,

To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,  
And, like a Water-witch, try *love*  
That's to destroy and not to prove:-

As if a Man shou'd be dissected,  
To find what part is diseased:

Your better way is to make over  
In trust your fortune to your Lover;  
Trust is a *Trial*, if it break,

'Tis not so desp'rate as a Neck:

And

Beside,

Befide, th' *experiment's* more certain,  
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;  
The Soldier does it ev'ry day  
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay:  
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,  
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools:  
And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,  
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for gain.  
This is the way I'dvise you to,  
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I shou'd be loth to run  
My self all th' hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some *deed*  
Of yours aforesaid do precede;  
Give but your self one gentle *swing*  
For tryal, and I'll cut the *string*:  
Or give that Rev'rend *Head* a mall,  
Or two, or three, against a Wall;

To shew you are a man of metal,  
And I'll engage my self to settle.

Quoth he, my *Head's* not made of *brass*,  
As Friar Bacon's noddle was:

Nor (like the *Indian's* skull) so tough,

That, *Authors* say, 'twas *Musket-proof*:

As it had need to be to enter

As yet on any new *Adventure*;

You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,

That would before new *seats* be cur'd:

But if that's all you stand upon,

Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone

As you suppose, *Two words* & a *Bargain*,

That may be done, and time enough,

When you have given down-right proof;

And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pique,

I have to love, nor coy *dislike*;

R

'Tis

'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*  
 T' your *Conversation*, *Meine*, or *Person*,  
 But a just fear lest you shoud prove  
 False and perfidious in *Love*;  
 For if I thought you cou'd be true,  
 I cou'd love twice as much as you.  
 Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*,  
 As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain;  
 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,  
 Or Oracle from heart of Oak;  
 And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,  
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
 And shine upon me but benignly,  
 With that one, and that other *Riz fweye*,  
 The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,  
 Than *Love*, or you, shake off my heart;  
 The *Sun* that shall no more dispence  
 His own, but *your* bright influence;



I'll carve your name on *Barks* or *Trees*,  
With *True-loves knots*, and *Flourishes*;  
That shall infuse eternal *Spring*,  
And everlasting flourishing:  
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,  
And make it brisk *Campaign* become;  
Where e're you tread, your foot shall set  
The *Primrose* and the *Viola*;  
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,  
Shall borrow from your breath their *Ours*;  
*Nature* her *Charter* shall renew,  
And take all *Vices* of things from you;  
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,  
And when you frown upon it, dye.  
Only our *Lovers* shall still survive,  
New *Worlds* and *Natures* to out-live;  
And, like to *Herald's Moons*, remain  
All *Crescents*, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss;  
 For you will find it a hard *Chapter*  
 To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,  
 In which your *Mastery of Art*  
 Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart*:  
 Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,  
 By dint of high *Heroick* fustion;  
 She that with *Poetry* is won,  
 Is but a *Desk* to write upon;  
 And what men say of her, they mean  
 No more than that on which they *lean*.  
 Some with *Arabian Spices* strive  
 T' embalm her cruelly alive;  
 Or *season* her, as *French Cooks* use  
 Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buollies*, or *Raguffs*;  
 Use her so barbarously ill,  
 To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,

Until the *Facet Doublet* doth  
 Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her mouth;  
 Her mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with  
 A row of *Pearl* in't stead of *Teeth*;  
 Others make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,  
 Where *red* and *whiteft* colours mix;  
 In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,  
 For *Indian Lake*, and *Cerule* goes.  
 The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright eyes  
 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,  
 Are but *Black-patches* that she wears,  
 Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:  
 By which *Astrologers*, as well  
 As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell  
 What strange *Events* they do foreshow  
 Unto her *Under-world* below.  
 Her Voice the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,  
 So loud, it deafens mortal ears;

As wise *Philosophers* have thought,  
 And that's the cause we hear it not.  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 The' ader'd in *Rhime*, wou'd kick in *Prose*;  
 And in those *Ribbons* wou'd have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung:  
 That have the hard *fate* to write best  
 Of those still that deserve it least;  
 It matters not how *false*, or *forc'd*,  
 So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst*;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 Only the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,  
 Whether it be *Swan* or *Goose*  
 They level at: So *Shepherds* use  
 To set the same *mark* on the *hip*  
 Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*:  
 For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,  
 Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*.

The *mark*, which else they ne're come *nigh*,

But when they take their aim *awry*.

But I do wonder you shou'd chuse

This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,

As one cut out to pass your tricks on,

With *Fulhams* of *Poetick* fiction:

I rather hop'd I shou'd no more

Hear from you o'th *Gallanting* score:

For hard *dry-basting* use to prove

The readiest Remedies of *Love*,

Next a *dry-diet*: But if those fail,

Yet this uneasy Loop-hole *Gaul*

In which y'are *hamper'd* by the *fet-lock*,

Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*;

*Wedlock* that's worse than any hole here,

If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;

T'allay your *Metal*, all agog

Upon a *Wife*, the heavir clog.

Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,  
That, for a bruised or broken *Pate*,  
Has freed you from those *knobs* that grow  
Much harder on the Marry'd *Brow*:  
But if no dread can cool your *Courage*,  
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;  
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance  
To nobler aims your *Puissance*:  
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,  
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand  
In that already with your command:  
For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*  
But in your *Constellation* meet?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,  
But *likeness* and *equality*?  
I know you cannot think me fit,  
To be th' *Take-fellow* of your *Wit*:

Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,  
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;  
A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,  
I've not the conscience to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,  
Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Case*:

A man may be a *Legal Donor*  
Of any thing whereof he's *owner*;  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I'th' Judgment of all *Casuits*:  
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may  
Be ali'nate, and made away  
By those that are *Proprietors*,  
As I may give, or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,  
And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you;  
But whether I may *take*, as well  
As you may *give away*, or *sell*?

Buyers

Buyers you know are bid Beware;  
 And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.  
 How shall I answer *Hue and Cry*  
 For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,  
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Look on's* hoof,  
 A *sorrel-mane*; can I bring proof  
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
 And in the open *Market* toll'd for?  
 Or shou'd I take you for a stray,  
 You must be kept a year and day  
 (E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,  
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:  
 And in the mean time I must pay  
 For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
 To *enervate* this *Objection*,  
 And prove my self by *Topick* clear  
 No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.



Loss of *Virility's* averr'd  
 To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,  
 That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)  
 Abortive on the *Chin* become.  
 This first a *Woman* did invent,  
 In envy of *Man's* ornament.  
*Semiramis* of *Babylon*,  
 Who first of all cut men o' th' *Stone*,  
 To mar their *Beards*, and laid foundation  
 Of *Sow-geldering* operation.  
 Look on his *Beard*, and tell me whether  
*Eunuchs* were such, or *Geldings* either.  
 Next it appears I am no *Horse*,  
 That I can argue, and discourse,  
 Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*,  
 Quoth she; That nothing will avail;  
 For some *Philosophers* of late here  
 Write, Men have four legs by *Nature*,

And

And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go  
 Erron'ously upon but two ;  
 As 'twas in *Germany* made good  
 By boy that lost himself in *Wood* ;  
 And growing down t' a man was wont  
 With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.  
 As for your reasons drawn from *Tails*,  
 We cannot say they're true or false,  
 Till you explain your self, and show  
 B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, if you'll joyn Issue on't,  
 I'll give you satisfactory account ;  
 So you will promise, if you lose,  
 To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never shall be done (quoth she)  
 To one that wants a *Tail* by me :  
 For *Tails* by Natures sure were meant,  
 As well as *Beards*, for ornament ;

And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,  
In *man* or *beast* they are so comely,  
So *Genteel*, *Alamode*, and handsome,  
I'll never marry *man* that wants one:  
And till you can demonstrate plain,  
You have one equal to your *Maue*,  
I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horse*,  
E'er I'll take you *for better or worse*.  
The *Prince of Cambray's* daily food  
Is *Aspe*, and *Basilisk*, and *Toad*;  
Which makes him have so strong a breath,  
Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death;  
Yet I shall rather lye in's *Arms*  
Than yours, on any other *terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,  
I shall produce upon my word;  
And if the eyes gave that *boon*  
To *man*, I'll prove that I have one;

I mean,

I meant, By *postulate Illation*,  
 When you shall offer just occasion;  
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give  
 My *Heart*, your *Prisoner*, a *Reprieve*,  
 But made it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel,  
 And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,  
 Give its poor *Enterrainer* quarter;  
 And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prize* grant  
 Delivery from this bale *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your *Leg*  
 Struck in a hole here like a *Peg*,  
 And if I knew which way to dot,  
 (Your *Honour* safe) I'd let you out.  
 That *Dames* by *Castle-delivery*  
 Of *Errant Knights* have been let free,  
 When by *Enchantments* they have been,  
 And sometimes for it too, laid in;

that which *Knights* are bound to do  
 by *Order, Oath, and Honour* too  
 for what are they *renown'd and famous* else,  
 but aiding of distressed *Damselfs*?  
 But for a *Lady*, no ways *Errant*  
 To free a *Knights*, we have no warrant  
 in any *Authenticall Romance*,  
 Or *Classick Author* yet of *France*.  
 And I'd be loth to have you break  
 an *Ancient Custom* for a freak,  
 Or *Innovation* introduce  
 a place of things of *unick* use,  
 To free your heels by any *course*,  
 That might b' unwholsome to your *Spirits*.  
 Which if I should consent unto,  
 'tis not in my power to do,  
 'tis a service must be done ye  
 with solemn previous Ceremony.

Which

Which always has been us'd t'untie  
 The *Charms* of those who here do lie;  
 For as the *Ancients* heretofore  
 To *Honour's Temple* had no door,  
 But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay;  
 So from this *Dungeon* there's no way  
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing  
 That other *Vertuous School of Lashing*,  
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,  
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,  
 In which they for a while are *Tenents*,  
 And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance*:  
*Whipping*, that's *Virtue's* Governess,  
 Tutress of *Arts* and *Sciences*,  
 That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,  
 And puts new life into dull matter;  
 That lays foundation for *Renown*,  
 And all the honours of the *Gown*:

This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
And freed with honour'ble discharge:  
Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*  
Are streight presented with *Credentials*,  
And in their way attended on  
By *Magistrates* of ev'ry Town;  
And all respect, and charges paid,  
They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.  
Now if you'll venture for my sake  
To try the toughness of your *back*,  
And suffer (as the rest have done)  
The laying of a *Whipping* on,  
(And may you prosper in your suit,  
As you with equal vigour do't)  
I here engage to be your Bail,  
And free you from th' Unknightly *Gaol*.  
But since our *Sex's* modesty  
Will not allow I shou'd be by,

S

Bring

Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,  
And *honour* too, when you have don't;  
And I'll admit you to the place  
You claim as *due* in my good grace.  
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go  
By *Des'tny*, why not *Whipping* too?  
What medicine else can cure the *fits*  
Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?  
*Love* is a *Boy* by *Poets* styl'd,  
Then Spare the *Rod*, and Spoil the *Child*.  
A *Persian* Emp'rour whip'd his *Grandam*  
The *Sea*, his Mother *Venus* came on;  
And hence some *Rev'rend* men approve  
Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.  
As skillful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*  
With *Lydian* and with *Prygian* Dubs;  
Why may not *Whipping* have as good  
A *Grace*, perform'd in *Time* and *Mood*,



With comely movement, and by *Art*,  
Raise Passion in a *Lady's* heart?  
It is an easier way to make  
*Love* by, than that which many take.  
Who wou'd not rather suffer *Whipping*,  
Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribon*?  
Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,  
And spell Names over with *Beer-glasses*?  
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*  
*Love's* Sacrifice, and all a *lye*?  
With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,  
And whining *Plays*, lay bait for *Hearts*?  
Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,  
To break no *Roguish jeasts* upon ye?  
Or *Lillies* limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,  
With painted perfumes, hazard *Noses*?  
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
To penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?

All this you may compound for now  
By suffering what I offer you  
Which is no more than has been done  
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago;  
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so  
For the *Infanta Del Taboso* ?  
Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make  
Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake ?  
And with Bull's-pizzle, for her love,  
Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove* ?  
Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool  
His flame for *Biancifiore*) to School,  
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* hum  
For her sake suffer *Martyrdom* ?  
Did not a certain *Lady* whip  
Of late her Husband's own Lordship ?  
And though a Grandee of the *House*,  
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* blows,

Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,  
And fir'd his hide as if sh' had rid post;  
And after in the *Sessions Court*,  
Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had honour for't?  
This *swear* you will perform, and then  
I'll set you from th' *Inchanted Den*,  
And the *Magician* Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,  
And will perform what you enjoyn,  
Or may I never see you *mine*.

*Amen* (quoth she,) Then turn'd about,  
And bid her *Squire* to let him out.  
But e'er an *Artist* cou'd be found  
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,  
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,  
Put down (some write) by *Ladies eyes*.  
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,  
That hides her face by day from sight,

(Myſterious Veil, of brightneſs made,  
That's both her luſtre, and her ſhade)  
And in the Night as freely ſhone,  
As if her Rays had been her own:  
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere  
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.  
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,  
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre,  
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,  
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.  
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t' adjourn  
His *Whipping-penance* till the morn,  
And not to carry on a *Work*  
Of ſuch *importance* in the Dark,  
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,  
And do't in th' open face of *Day*;  
And in the mean time, go in queſt  
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

CANTO II.

THE  
A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,  
Within an ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange Alarm, and stranger sight;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

**T**Is strange how some men's Tem-  
pers suit  
(Like Bawd and Brandee) with  
Dispute,

That for their own *Opinions* stand fast,  
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.

That kept their *Consciences* in Cases,  
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*,  
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
To play a fit for *Argument*.  
Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,  
Of no use but to be discusst.  
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,  
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,  
And stretch it more unmercifully,  
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaygn*, *White*, or *Tully*.  
So th' ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch  
With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,  
Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;  
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,  
Made good with stout *Polemick* braul:  
In which, some hundreds on the place  
Where slain outright, and many a face

Retrench'd

## CANTO II. 277

Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,  
 To maintain what their *Self* averr'd.  
 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the *sequel* shall be shown.  
 The Sun had long since in the Lap  
 Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,  
 And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*  
 From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking of  
 Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,  
 Began to rub his droufie eyes,  
 And from his *Couch* prepar'd to rise;  
 Resolving to dispatch the Deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed.  
 But first, with knocking loud and bauling,  
 He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,

And,

And, after many Circumstances,  
Which vulgar *Authors in Romances*  
Do use to spend their *time and wits* on,  
To make impertinent Description ;  
They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,  
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,  
In which, he to the *Dame* before  
To suffer *whipping* Duty swore :  
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,  
To carry on the work in earnest,  
He ſtopt'd and pauſ'd upon the ſudden,  
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,  
Sprung a new Scruple in his head,  
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid ;  
Whether it be direct *infringing*  
An *Oath*, if I ſhou'd wave this *ſwinging*,  
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,  
And ſo b' *Equivocation* ſwear ;



Or whether't be a lesser *Sin*  
To be forsworn, than act the thing,  
Are deep and subtil *points*, which must,  
T'inform my Conscience, be discust.  
In which to *err* a tittle may  
To *errors* infinite make way:  
And therefore I desire to know  
Thy *Judgment* e'er we farther go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't  
I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.  
And for my own part do not doubt  
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out;  
But first to *state* the *Case* aright,  
For best advantage of our light;  
And thus 'tis: Whether't be a *Sin*  
To *claw* and *curry* your own *Skin*  
Greater, or less, than to forbear,  
And that you are forsworn, forswear.

Or

But

But first, o' th' first: The *Inward Man*,  
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,  
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,  
And one another Clapper-clawing:  
Not that they really cuff, or scence,  
But in a Spiritual *Mystick* sense,  
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
In literal fray's abominable;  
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use  
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,  
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*:  
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,  
And mungril *Christians* of our times,  
That exp'ate less with greater *Crimes*,  
And call the foul *Abomination*  
*Contrition*, and *Mortification*.  
Is't not enough w' are bruis'd and kicked  
With sinful members of the wicked;

Our

Our Vessels, that are *sanctify'd*,  
Profan'd and curri'd, back and side;  
But we must claw our selves with shameful  
And Heav'n stripes, by their example?  
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
Is *impious*, because they did it.  
This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
A *heinous* sin. Now to the second,  
That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*  
To swear, and *forswear*, on occasion;  
I doubt not, but it will appear  
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear:  
*Oaths* are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,  
Too feeble implements to *bind*;  
And hold with *deeds* proportion, so  
As *shadows* to a *substance* do.  
Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit  
The *Weaker Vessel* shou'd submit:

Although

Although your *Church* be opposite  
To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,  
In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant  
You are a *Reformado Saint*;  
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,  
You may pretend a *Title* to:  
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,  
Know little of their *Priviledge*;  
Farther (I mean) than carrying on  
Some self-advantage of their own:  
For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn  
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* shou'd scorn,  
When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,  
I think there's little reason why:  
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,  
Which 'twere impiety to say;  
W' are not commanded to forbear  
Indefinitely at all to *swear*,

But

But to *swear* idly, and in vain,  
Without self interest or gain,  
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,  
Is but a King of *Self-denying*,  
A *Saint like* *vertue*, and from hence  
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence* :  
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,  
*Perjur'd* themselves, and broke their word :  
And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*  
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.  
Was not the *Cause* at first begun  
With *Perjury*, and 'carry'd on ?  
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,  
But in due time and place they broke ?  
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,  
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,  
And cast into *fitter models* for  
The present use of *Church* and *War* ?

Did

Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*;  
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows* ?  
For having freed us, first, from both  
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac<sup>y</sup>* Oath ;  
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,  
To take and break the *Protestation* ?  
To *swear*, and after to *recant*  
The *Solemn League and Covenant* ?  
To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,  
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?  
Did they not swear at first to *fight*  
For the *KING's Safety*, and *His Right* ;  
And after march'd to find him out,  
And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot* ;  
And yet still had the confidence,  
To swear, it was in *His defence* ?  
Did they not swear to *live* and *dye*  
With *Effex*, and straight laid him by ?

If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they, if th' did no more.  
 Did they not swear to maintain *Law*,  
 In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?  
 For *Protestant Religion Vow*,  
 That did that *Vowing* disallow?  
 For *Privilege of Parliament*,  
 In which that *swearing* made a *Rem*?  
 And since of all the *three* not one  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear, in express words,  
 To prop and back the *House of Lords*?  
 And after turn'd out the whole *House* full  
 Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?  
 So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vow*,  
 Swore all the *Commons* out of th' *House*,  
 Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* would disband,  
 Ay marry would they at their *Command*!

And troll'd 'em on, and *swore*, and *swore*,  
 Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door* :  
 This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That *Oaths* and *swearing* go for nought,  
 And that by them th' were only meant  
 To serve for an *Expedient* :  
 What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,  
 But to slur men of what they fought for ?  
 The *Publick Faith* which ev'ry one  
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none ;  
 And if that go for nothing, why  
 Shou'd *Private Faith* have such a tie ?  
*Oaths* were not purpos'd more than *Law*,  
 To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,  
 But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,  
 Like *Moral Cattle* in a *Pinfold* :  
 A *Saint's* of th' *Heavenly Realm* a *Peer*,  
 And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,



But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,  
Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;  
It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,  
And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,  
But a mere *Ceremony*, and breach  
Of nothing but a form of *Speech*;  
And goes for no more when 'tis *look'd*,  
Than meer *saluting* of the *Book*.  
Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,  
They're but *Commissions* of Course,  
And *Saints* have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em as they please;  
Or mis-interpret them by *private*  
*Instructions* to all *Aims* they drive at:  
Then why should we our selves *abridge*,  
And curtail our own *Privilege*?  
*Quakers* (that, like to *Lanterns*, bear  
Their light within 'em) will not *swear*.

Their Gospel is an *Accidence*,  
 By which they construe *Conscience*,  
 And hold no *sin* so deeply red,  
 As that of breaking *Priscian's Head*,  
 (The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,  
 That stirring *Hairs* held worse than murder.)  
 These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*  
 In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;  
 Like Mules, who if th' have not their will  
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still;  
 But they are weak, and little know  
 What Free-born *Consciences* may do,  
 'Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,  
 That makes all humane actions evil:  
 For *Saints* may do the same things by  
 The *Spirit*, in Sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to,  
 And at the Devil's instance do;

Their

s T

And

And yet the actions be contrary,  
 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.  
 For as on Land there is no *Beast*,  
 But in some *Fish* at Sea's express,  
 So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,  
 Of which the *Saints* have not a *spice*;  
 And yet that thing that's *pious* in  
 The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.  
 Is't not *ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,  
 A *Saint* shou'd be a slave to *Conscience*?  
 That ought to be above such *Fancies*,  
 As far as above *Ordinances*.  
 She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,  
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress*,  
 And, though like *Constables*, we search  
 For false Wares one another's *Church*:  
 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
 No faith is to the *Wicked* due;

For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,  
 Too rich a *Pearl* for carnal *Swine*.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,  
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men know  
 Those *Mysteries* and *Revelations*,  
 And therefore *Topical* *Evasions*  
 Of subtil *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sense,  
 Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,  
 Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,  
 And *Presbyterians*, for excuse  
 Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen  
 To find their *Churches* taken napping:  
 As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,  
 And either way admits a *scruple*,  
 And may be *ex parte* of th' *Maker*  
 More criminal than th' injur'd *Taker*.  
 For he that strains too far a *Knew*,  
 Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*;

And

And he that made, and fore'd it, broke it,  
 Not he that for convenience took it.  
 A broken Oath is, *quasi nullus*,  
 As sound t' all purposes of *Troth*,  
 As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,  
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force,  
 What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,  
 That never comes within their *Claws*,  
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish,  
 Cannot controll, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch  
 Those only that do make them such.  
 Beside, n' *Engagement* is allow'd  
 By men in *Prison* made for Good;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' *Engagement* too set free!  
 The *Rabbins* write, when any Jew  
 Did make to God or Man a *Vow*,

Which afterward he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;  
 Any three other *Jews* of th' Nation,  
 Might free him from the *Obligation*;  
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,  
 A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*;  
 The *Court of Conscience*, which in *Man*  
 Shou'd be *Supremo* and *severeign*,  
 Is't fit should be *subordinate*,  
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i'th' *State*,  
 And have less Power than the *lesser*,  
 To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure;  
 Have its Proceedings disallow'd, or  
 Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*;  
 Tell all it does or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio*;  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vifi. Franc. Pledge*.

Discover

Discover *Thieves, and Bawds, Rascals,*  
*Priests, Witches, Eves-droppers, and Nuisance;*  
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,  
And who fill'd *Pots* of Ale but half-full,  
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,  
To help it self at a dead lift;  
Why shou'd not *Conscience* have *Vacation*  
As well as other Courts o'th' Nation;  
Have equal power to adjourn,  
Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*;  
And make as nice distinctions serve  
To split a Case, as those that carve  
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,  
Why shou'd not tricks as slight do points?  
Is not th' *High-Court of Justice* sworn  
To judge that Law that serves their turn?  
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,  
And fix 'em whomsoever they please on?

Cannot

Cannot the *Learned Council* there  
 Make *Laws* in any shape appear:  
 Mold 'em as *Witches* do their *Clay*,  
 When they make *Pictures* to destroy?  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm:  
 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
 Impeach of *Treason* whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them:  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*?  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right*;  
 And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear  
 As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?  
 Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,  
 The same *Cause* sev'ral ways adjudge;



As Seamen with the self-same Gale  
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail;  
 As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds,  
 Those Banks and Damms, that like a Screen  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:  
 So when Tyrannick Usurpation  
 Invades the Freedom of a Nation,  
 The Laws o' th' Land that were intended  
 To keep it out, are made t' defend it.  
 Does not in Chancery ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer?  
 Is not the winding up Witnesses  
 A nicking more than half the business?  
 For Witnesses, like Watches, go  
 Fast as they're set, too fast or slow.  
 And where in Conscience th'are strait-lie'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Do.

Do not your *juries* give their *Verdict*  
As if they felt the *Cause*, nor heard it;  
And as they please make *Matter of Fact*  
Run all on one side, as th' are pack't;  
Nature has made Man's breast no *Winderes*,  
To publish what he does within doors;  
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
Unless his own rash folly blab it;  
If *Oaths* can do a man no good,  
In his own bus'ness why they shou'd  
In other matters do him hurt,  
I think there's little reason for't;  
He that imposes an *Oath* makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it;  
Then how can any man be said,  
To break an *Oath* he never made;  
These *Reasons* may perhaps look oddly  
To th' *Wicked*, though th' evince the *Godly*;

But if they will not serve to clear  
My Honour, I am ne'er the near.  
Honour is like that glassy bubble  
That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,  
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly  
And *Wits* are crack'd; to find out why.  
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word  
To swear by only in a Lord:  
To other men 'tis but a Huff,  
To vapour with instead of proof,  
That like a *Wen*, looks big and swells,  
Is senseless, and just nothing else.  
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,  
It has the *World's* opinion still.  
But as Men are not *Wise* that run  
The slightest hazard they may shun:  
There may a *Medium* be found out  
To clear to all the *World* the doubt;  
And

And that is, if a man may do't,  
By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice and dark the *Point* appear,  
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.

That *Sinners* may supply the place  
Of suffering *Saints*, is a plain *Case*.

*Justice* gives *Sentence* many times

On one man for another's *Crimes*;

Our *Brethren* of *New-England* use

Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,

And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,

Of whom the *Churches* have less need:

As lately't happen'd in a *Town*

There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,

That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,

And mend mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.

The precious *Brother* having slain

In times of *Peace* an *Indian*,

(Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,  
 Because he was an *Infidel*)  
 The mighty *Tottipotymy*  
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,  
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*  
 Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,  
 Against the *Articles* in force  
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours.  
 For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render  
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*.  
 But they maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more but him vith' *Trade*,  
 (A man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)  
 Resolv'd to spare him yet to do  
 The *Indian Hogban Megban* too  
 Impartial justice, in his *Head*  
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was *Bedrid*.

Then

Then wherefore may not you be *shipp'd*;  
 And in your room another *whipp'd*:  
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,  
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hadibras*,  
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,  
 And canst in *Conscience* not refuse  
 From thy own *Doctrine* to raise *Use*:  
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)  
 Be tender-Conscien'd of thy back:  
 Then strip thee of thy *Carnal Jerkin*,  
 And give thy *outward-fellow* a *ferking*,  
 For when thy *Vessel* is new *boop'd*,  
 All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the *master*,  
 For in all *Scruples* of this *Nature*,  
 No man includes himself, nor turns  
 The *Point* upon his own *Concerns*.

As no man of his own self catches  
 The *Itch*, or amorous *French aches* :  
 So no man does himself convince  
 By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins* :  
 And though all cry down *self*, none means  
 His own self in a *literal Sense* :  
 Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,  
 But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,  
 For one man out of his own Skin  
 To frisk and whip another's *Sin* :  
 As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches  
 Do claw and curry their own *Itches*.  
 But in this Case it is prophane,  
 And sinful too, because in vain ;  
 For we must take our *Oaths* upon it  
 You did the *deed*, when I have done it :  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon ;  
 Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:  
 For when with your consent 'tis done,  
 The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain  
 (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;  
 Or, like the Stars, incline men to  
 What they're averse themselves to do:  
 For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,  
 'Tis *Int'rest* still resolves the doubt:  
 But since no reason can confute ye,  
 I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;  
 For so it is, how e'er you mince it,  
 As e'er we part I shall evince it;  
 And *curry* (if you stand out) whether  
 You will or no your *stubborn Leather*;  
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,  
 I th' publick *Work*, base as thou art?



To higgie thus for a few blows,  
To gain thy *Knicht* an op'lem *Sponfe*;  
Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchase,  
Meerly for th' Int'rest of the *Churches*;  
And when he has it in his claws,  
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*,  
Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgein*,  
If thou dispatch it without grudging;  
If not, resolve before we go,  
That you and I must pull a *Crow*.

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*  
Say wisely, *Have a care of th' main chance*,  
*And look before you e'er you leap*;  
*For as you sow you're like to reap*;  
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,  
I shall make bold to turn agen;  
Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*  
In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.

Is't fitting for a man of *Honour*  
 To whip the *Saints* like *Bishop Bonner*?  
 A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadle's Office*,  
 For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies*:  
 But I advise you (not for fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear,  
 And for the *Church's* which may chance  
 From hence to spring a variance;  
 And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,  
 Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.  
 Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,  
 We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*,  
 Trappann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,  
 And took your *Grandeers* down a peg.  
 New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*  
 All that to *Legion SMEC* adher'd:  
 Made a mere *Utenfil* of your *Church*,  
 And after left it in the lurch.

A Scaffold to build up our own,  
 And when w' had done with't pull'd it down,  
 O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,  
 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.  
 (Grave *Synod-men*, that were reverr'd  
 For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)  
 Their *Classick-model* prov'd a *Maggot*  
 Their *Directry* an *Indian Pagod*  
 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a *Kitten*,  
 On which th' had been so long a *sitting*;  
 Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,  
 Grown out of *Date*, and *Obsolete*,  
 And all the *Saints* of the first *Grass*,  
 As Castling *Foles* of *Bal'am's Ass*.  
 At this the *Knight* grew high in *Chafe*,  
 And staring furiously on *Ralph*,  
 He trembled, and look'd pale with *Ire*,  
 Like *Ashes* first, then *Red as Fire*.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in fight,

And for so many *Maors* lain by't;

And when all other means did fail,

Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?

Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*,

Much more confid'able and handsome,

But for their own sakes, and for fear,

They were not safe when I was there;

Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,

An upstart *Seet'ry* and a *Mungrel*,

Such as breed out of peccant humours

Of our own *Church*, like *Wens*, and *Tumours*,

And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,

Wou'd that which gave it life devour.

It never shall be done, nor said:

With that he siez'd upon his *Blade*;

And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,

Upon his *Basket-bilt* laid hold,

With

With equal readiness prepar'd  
 To draw, and stand upon his Guards  
 When both were parted on the sudden  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of Noise had bin  
 Contracted into one loud Din;  
 Or that some Member to be chosen,  
 Had got the odds above a Thousand;  
 And by the greatest of his noise  
 Prov'd fittest for his Country's choice:  
 This strange surprizal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,  
 Impetuous rancours to joya Battel;  
 Both thought it was their wisest course  
 To wave the Fight, and mount to Horse;  
 And to secure by swift retreating  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating.

Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage,  
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horrou and disdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguish different noise  
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*;  
 And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*,  
 Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*;  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antick Show,  
 A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp* and *State*  
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate;  
 For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*  
 For Foes at Training overcome,  
 And not enlarging *Territory*,  
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*)

Being

Being mounted in their best Aray,  
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they  
 And follow'd with a world of *Tall-Lads*,  
 That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,  
 Did ride with many a good morrow,  
 Crying, *hey for our Town*, through the *Burroughs*;  
 So when this *Triamb* drew so nigh,  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so Pat  
 In all respects, as this, and that.  
 First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,  
 Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellet*,  
 On which he blew as strong a *Lever*,  
 As well-see'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.  
 When over one another's Heads  
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*,  
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,  
 From *Trebbles* down to *double-Base*,  
 And

And after them upon a *Nag*,  
That might pass for a forchard Stag,  
A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff  
A Smock display'd did proudly wave:  
Than *Bag pipes* of the loudest Drones,  
With trussling broken-winded tones,  
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,  
Sound filthier than from the Gut,  
And make a viler noise than *Swine*  
In windy weather when they whine.  
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,  
Full fraught with that which for good manners  
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*  
Which he dispenc'd among the *Swains*,  
And busily upon the Crowd  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then mounted on a horned *Horse*  
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt spurs*,



Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*;  
 He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:  
 Next after on a raw-bon'd *Sceeb*  
 The Conq'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,  
 And bore aloft before the *Champion*  
 A *Petticoat* display'd, and *Rampant*;  
 Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant  
 Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't  
 Sat *Face* to *Tail*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,  
 The *Warrior* whilome overcome;  
 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſſaff*,  
 Which as he rode ſhe made him *twiſt* off,  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her ſhoulder  
 Chaiſtiz'd the *Reſervado* *Soldier*.  
 Before the *Dame*, and round about,  
 March'd *Whiffles*, and *Staffers* on foot,  
 With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,  
 In fit and proper *Equipages*,

• Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links, with  
 Before the proud *Mirago-Minx*, that  
 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,  
 Like *Nero's Sports*, or *Pope Joan*;  
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout  
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout.  
 The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*  
 Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;  
 And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder  
 On such Sights with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His *An'madversions* for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now  
 I ne'er saw so prophane a *Show*.  
 It is a *Paganish* invention,  
 Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:  
 And he who made it had read *Goodwin*  
 (I warrant him) and understood him:

With all the *Grecians, Speeds, and Stows*,  
 That best describe those ancient Shows  
 And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*  
 We find describ'd by old *Histor'ans*:  
 For as a *Roman Conquerour*,  
 That put an end to foreign *War*,  
 Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,  
 Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot:  
 So this insulting *Female Brave*  
 Carries behind her here a *Slave*,  
 And, as the *Ancients* long ago,  
 When they in field des' d the *Poets*  
 Hung out their *Mantles Dolly Giers*,  
 So her proud *Standard-bearer* here  
 Waves on his *Spear*, in dreadful manner,  
 A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for *Banners*  
 Next *Links, and Toggles*, heretofore  
 Still born before the *Emperour*

And

And as in *Antick Triumphs*, Eggs  
Were born for mystical intrigues;  
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,  
That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle;  
And still at random, as he goes,  
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;  
For all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,  
Is but a *Riding* us'd of course,  
When the *Grey Mare's* the better *Horse*.  
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*  
Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,  
And in the cause *Impatient Grizel*  
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's-Pizzle*,  
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,  
To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain*;  
When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,  
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*;

And they, in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,  
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,  
And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,  
Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;  
For when men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,  
Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense:  
Tis not the least disparagement,  
To be defeated by th' event;  
Not to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a *man* the worse,  
Although his shoulders with *Batoon*  
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;  
A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard  
Measure, that's bang'd with a true *Yard*;  
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,  
And without blows give up the Day;

Or

Or to surrender e'er th' *Assault*,  
That's no man's fortune but his fault,  
And renders men of *Honour* less  
Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Success,  
And only unto such this Shew  
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.  
There is a lesser *Profanation*,  
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*;  
For as *Ovation* was allow'd  
For *Conquest*, purchas'd without blood,  
So men decree those lesser Shows,  
For *Vict'ry* gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
Give *Battel* with, and overcome;  
These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,  
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking stool*,  
March proudly to the River's side,  
And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;  
Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said  
The *Adriatick Sea* to wed,

And have a gentler *Wife*, than those  
For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.  
But both are *Heathenish*, and come  
From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*,  
And by the *Saints* should be withstood,  
As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,  
And we as such should now contribute  
Our utmost *struglings* to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd and rode  
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,  
To attack the *Leader*, and still prest,  
Till they approach'd him *breast to breast*:  
Then *Hudibras* with face and hand  
Made signs for *Silence*; which obtain'd,

What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's *Procession*  
With men of *Orthodox* profession?  
'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,  
From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of *Bab'lon* ride  
Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,  
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is  
A Type of her, or she of this?  
Are things of Superstitious *function*  
Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sun-shine*?  
It is an *Antichristian Opera*,  
Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;  
A running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;  
To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,  
To whom the *Saints* are so beholden.  
Women, who were our first *Apostles*,  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;  
*Women*, that left no stone unturn'd,  
In which the *Cause* might be concern'd,  
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons*, and *Whistles*,  
To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:



Their Husbands *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,  
 To take the *Saints* and *Church's* parts;  
 Drew several gifted *Brothren* in,  
 That for the *Bishops* would have been,  
 And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,  
 With motives *powerful* and *heartly*:  
 Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their *Gifts*  
 All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of Gold and Silver;  
 Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for *Parliament*;  
 Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*  
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;  
 Enabled them, with store of meat,  
 On controverted *Points* to eat;  
 And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ache,  
 With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plum cake*.

What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the Cause at London?  
March'd rank and file, with Drum and Ensign,  
T' entrench the City for defence in;  
Rais'd Rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the Enemy to stands;  
From Ladies down to Oyster-Wenches  
Labour'd like Pioneers in Trenches,  
Fell to their Pick-axes and Tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like Moles?  
Have not the Handmaids of the City  
Chose of their Members a Committee?  
For raising of a Common-Purse  
Out of their Wages to raise Horse?  
And do they not as Triers sit  
To judge what Officers are fit?  
Have they——? At that an Egg let fly,  
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,

And

And running down his Cheek, besmear'd  
With Orange-tawny-slime his *Beard*;  
But *Beard* and slime being of one Hue,  
The wound the less appear'd in view.  
Then he that on the *Panniers* rode  
Let fly on th' other side a load;  
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
In *Ralpho's* face another *Volley*.  
The *Knight* was startled with the smell,  
And for his *Sword* began to feel:  
And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the stink,  
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,  
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,  
Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's touch-hole;  
And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,  
Gave *Ralpho's* o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.  
The *Beasts* began to kick and fling,  
And forc'd the rout to make a Ring.

And

X 3

Through

Through which they quickly broke their way,  
And brought them off from farther fray;  
And though disorder'd in Retreat,  
Each of them stoutly kept his Seat:  
For quitting both their *swords* and *reins*,  
They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*;  
And to avoid the *Foe's* pursuit,  
With spurring put their Cattel to't;  
And till all four were out of wind,  
And danger too ne'er look'd behind.  
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying  
Their *spirits*, spent with fight and flying,  
And *Hudibras* recruited force  
Of Lungs for *action*, or *discourse*,

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,  
That souls his *hands* with dirty foes:  
For where no *Honour's* to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.

'Twas

'Twas ill for us, we had to do  
With so dishon'rabl a Foe:  
For though the *Law of Arms* doth bar  
The use of venom'd shot in *War*,  
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,  
Their *Case-shot* favours strong of *poyson*;  
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
Of some that had a *stinking breath*:  
Else when we put it to the path,  
They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
But as those *Pultrons* that fling dirt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;  
So all the *Honour* they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at one.  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
A brave Retreat, without pursuit;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in Triumph led;

Than which the *Ancients* held no state  
Of Man's life more unfortunate.  
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er  
Do chance to reach the *Widow's* ear,  
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert  
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.  
And as such homely *Treats* (they say)  
Portend good *fortune*, so this may.  
*Vespasian* being dawb'd with dirt,  
Was destin'd to the Empire for't :  
And from a Scavenger did come  
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome* :  
And why may not this foul Address  
Presage in Love the same success?  
Then let us streight to cleanse our wounds,  
Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;  
And after (as we first *design'd*)  
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoyn'd.

## CANTO III.

THE  
A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight, with various doubts possest,  
To win the Lady goes in Quest  
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-crucian,  
To know the Destinies resolution;  
With whom being met, they both chop Logick  
About the Science Astrologick,  
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,  
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.*

**D**oubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
As lookers-on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a Jugler's slight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more th' admire the slight of hand.

Some

Some with a noise, and greasie light,  
Are snapt as men catch *Larks* by night;  
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,  
As nooses by the *legs* catch *foul*.  
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,  
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;  
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.  
Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;  
So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar-gown*.  
Until with subtil Cobweb-cheats,  
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:  
In which, when once they are imbrangled;  
The more they stir the more they're tangled,  
And while their *Purses* can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
The Cabinet-designs of *Fate*,

Apply



Apply to *Wizards* to fore-see  
What shall, and what shall never be.  
And, as those *Vultures* do fore-boad,  
Believe events prove *bad*, or *good*.  
A flamm more senseless than the *Rog'ry*  
Of old *Aruspicy* and *Aug'ry*,  
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattel*,  
Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battel*  
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens* pecking,  
Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon;  
Though *Cheats* yet more intelligible,  
Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.  
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew :  
For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,  
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen,  
(And *Ralph* got a cock-horse too  
Upon his *Beast* with much ado,)

Advanc'd

Advanc'd on for the *Widow's House*,  
T'acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;  
When various *thoughts* began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to juggle.  
He thought what *danger* might accrue,  
If she should find he *swore* untrue:  
Or, if his *Squire* or he should fail,  
And not be punct'ual in their *Tale*;  
It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*:  
And that he durst not now for shame  
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.  
This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,  
To pass *time* and uneasy *trot*.

Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*  
I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*,

Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;  
And with inextricable doubt,  
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about:  
For though the *Dame* has been my bail  
To free me from enchanted *Gaol*,  
Yet as a *Dog*, committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,  
He still draws after him his *Chain*;  
So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,  
My *Heart* continues still committed.  
And like a *Bail'd* and *Main-priz'd* Lover,  
Although at large I am bound over.  
And when I shall appear in *Court*  
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,  
Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,  
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?

Or

For

For if in our account we vary,  
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry ;  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my *Dublet* off,  
To shew by evident Record  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,  
How can I e'er expect to have her,  
Having demurr'd unto her favour;  
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight of th' Post* ?  
Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent  
What I'm to prove by *Argument* ;  
And justify I have a *Tail*,  
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.  
Or that I could enucleate,  
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate* ;  
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,  
How far the *Dest'nies* take my part :

For if I were not more than certain  
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this Courtship,  
To hazard Soul, Estate, and Worship:  
For though an Oath obliges not,  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis profane,  
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph; Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destinies dark Counsels,  
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;  
To whom all People far and near,  
On deep importances repair;  
When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
And Linen slinks out of the way:  
When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,  
And Sows of sucking Pigs are chous'd;

When

When *Cattel* feel Indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of *Physician*;  
When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,  
And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;  
When *Teast* and outward means do *fail*,  
And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;  
When *Butter* does refuse to come,  
And *Love* proves *cross* and *humoursome*;  
To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,  
They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the *Saints* have freedom  
To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;  
Those *Principles* I quoted late,  
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge  
For any thing their *Privilege*;

And

And to the Dev'l himself may go,  
If they have *motives* thereunto.  
For as there is a *War* between  
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,  
If they by subtil *Stratagem*  
Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.  
Has not this present *Parlament*  
A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,  
Fully empowr'd to treat about  
Finding revolted *Witches* out?  
And has not he within a year  
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?  
Some only for not being *drown'd*,  
And some for sitting above ground  
Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.  
And some for putting *Knavish* tricks  
Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey-Chicks*,

Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast  
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,  
And made a Rod for his own *breech*.  
Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*  
*Luther* in *Germany*, for certain;  
And would have gull'd him with a *Trick*,  
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick* ?  
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge  
At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church* ?  
Sing *Catches* to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,  
And tell them all they came to ask him ?  
Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly* ?  
And speak i' th' *Nun* at *London's Belly* ?  
Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*  
At *Woodstock* on a *Pers'nal Treaty* ?  
At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*  
I' th' *Cause's* service *Prisoner*.



As *Withers* in immortal Rhime  
Has register'd to after-time?  
Do not our great *Reformers* use  
This *Sidrophel* to fore-board *News*;  
To write of *Victories* next year,  
And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air*?  
Of *Battels* fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*  
Sunk two years hence, the last *Eclipse*?  
A *Total* overthrow giv'n the *King*  
In *Cornwal* *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring*;  
And has not he point-blank foretold  
Whats'er the close *Committee* would:  
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,  
The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?  
The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare  
Against the Book of *Common-Pray'r*?  
The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,  
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?

Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,  
Compound, and take the *Covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,  
The *Saints* m'employ a *Conjurer*;  
As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*,  
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens *Principles* by what they do;  
Then let us streight advance in quest  
Of this profound *Gymnosophist*,  
And as the *Fates* and he advise,  
Pursue, or wave this *Enterprise*:  
This said he turn'd about his Steed,  
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,  
Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,  
And to the *Conj'r* turn our style,  
To let our *Reader* understand  
What's useful of him, before hand:

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,  
*Opticks*, *Philosophy*, and *Staticks*,  
*Magick*, *Horoscopia*, *Astrologie*,  
And was *old Dog* at *Physiology*;  
But, as a *Dog* that turns the spit,  
Restirs himself, and plies his feet  
To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again:  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was.  
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*  
Shall he advance his nat'ral parts;  
Still falling back still for retreat,  
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:  
As those *Fowls* that live in *Water*  
Are never wet, he did but smatter;  
That e're he labour'd to appear  
His understanding still was clear.

He

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Grossad*.  
Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,  
And all men dream on't, to be true:  
That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*  
That has not there a Counterpart;  
Nor can there on the *face* of Ground  
An Individual *Beard* be found,  
That has not in that Foreign *Nation*  
A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
As those are in th' *Inferiour World*.  
H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before,  
The *Dev'l* and *Euclide* o'er and o'er;  
And all th' *Intrigues* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,  
*Lescus* and th' *Emperour* would not tell ye;  
But with the *Moon* was more familiar  
Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*.

Her secrets understood so clear,  
That some believ'd he had been there;  
Knew when she was in fittest mood,  
For cutting *corns*, or letting *blood*;  
When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,  
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;  
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spav'd,  
And in what Sign best *Sider's* made;  
Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,  
Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*.  
Who first found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,  
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;  
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,  
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,  
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command  
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land;  
What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
In publick Vogue, and what in private;

With what Designs and Interests  
Each *Party* manages Contests.  
He made an *Instrument* to know  
If the *Moon* shine at full or no,  
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, streight  
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;  
Tell what her *D'iameter* t' an inch is,  
And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*.  
It would demonstrate, that the *Man* in  
*The Moon's* a *Sea Mediterranean*.  
And that it is no *Dog* nor *Bitch*,  
That stands behind him at his breech;  
But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*  
With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,  
How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,  
And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is;  
How many *German Leagues* by th' scale  
*Cape-Snout's* from *Promontory-Tail*;

He made a *Planetary Gin*  
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,  
And come on purpose to be taken,  
Without th' expence of Cheefe or Bacon;  
With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit  
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat,  
Quote Moles and Spots on any place  
Of th' body by the *Index-face*:  
Detect lost *Maiden-heads*, by sneezing,  
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or pissing.  
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application  
Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*,  
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare  
With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach*, and *Catarrh*.  
Chase evil *spirits* away by dint  
Of *Cickle Horshoe*, *Hollow-flint*,  
Spit fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,  
Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebell.

And

And fire a Mine in *China* here  
With Sympathetick *Gun-powder*.  
He knew what's ever's to be known,  
But much more than he knew would own.  
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*  
Could make a man with, as he tells us ;  
What figur'd *Slates* are best to make  
On watry surface *Duck* or *Drake*.  
What *Bowling-stones* in running race  
Upon a *Board* have swiftest pace,  
Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black  
List of a dapled *Louse's* back :  
If *Systole* or *Diastole* move  
Quickest when he's in wrath or love :  
When two of them do run a race,  
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.  
How many scores a *Flea* will jump,  
Of his own length from Head to Rump ;



Whick *Socrates* and *Chærephon*  
In vain assaid so long agon;  
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,  
And not an Elephant's *Proboscis*;  
How many different *Species*  
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheese;  
And which are next of kin to those  
Engendred in a *Chaundler's* nose.  
Or those not seen but understood,  
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*.  
A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd  
That him in place of *Zany* serv'd,  
Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,  
Not *Wine*, but more unwholsome *Law*:  
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.  
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,  
Or cheat men of their word some think;

From

From this by merited degrees,  
He to more high Advancement rise:  
To be an under-*Conjurer*,  
Or Journey-man *Astrologer*:  
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
And men with their own Keys unriddle.  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.  
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,  
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
And all *Discoveries* disperse,  
Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers*;  
What *Cut-purses* have left with them,  
For the right owners to redeem;  
And what they dare not vent find out,  
To gain themselves and th' *Art* repute;  
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,  
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* shops.

Of Thieves *ascendant* in the *Cart*;  
And find out all by rules of *Art*.  
Which way a Serving-man that's run  
With Cloaths or Money away is gone:  
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,  
And where a *Watch* for half the worth  
May be redeem'd, or stolen Plate  
Restor'd at Conscionable rate.  
Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*  
In quality of *Poetafter*:  
And *Rhimes* appropriate could make,  
To ev'ry month in th' *Almanack*,  
When *Terms* begin, and end could tell,  
With their *Returns* in *Doggerel*.  
When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,  
And *Sowgelder* with safety cuts.  
When men may eat, and drink their fill,  
And when be temp'rate if they will.

When

When use and when abstain from vice,  
*Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.*  
And as in *Prisons* mean Rogues beat  
*Hemp* for the service of the Great,  
So *Whackum* beat his dirty brains  
T'advance his Master's Fame and Gains;  
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,  
Put into *Dogrel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,  
Which over ev'ry month's blank-page  
In th' *Almanack* strange *Bilks* preface.  
He would an *Elegy* compose  
On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;  
In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on  
His Mistress eating a Black-pudden:  
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,  
It put him with *Poetick Rapture*,  
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,  
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,

That

That, circled with his long-ear'd *Guests*,  
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the *Beasts*;  
A *Carman's* Horse could not pass by,  
But stood ty'd up to *Poetry*;  
No Porter's *Burthen* pass'd along,  
But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.  
Each Window like a *Pill'ry* appears,  
With heads thrust through nail'd by the *Ears*;  
All Trades run in as to the sight  
Of Monsters, or their dear delight;  
The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Purse,  
Breeds bus'ness for *Heroick* Verse,  
Which none does hear, but would have hung  
T' been the *Theme* of such a Song.  
Those two together long had liv'd,  
In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd;  
Where neither Tree, nor House could bar  
The free detection of a *Star*;

And

And nigh an *Ancient Obelisk*  
Was rais'd by him found out by *Fisk*,  
On which was written not in words  
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,  
Many rare pithy *Saws* concerning  
The worth of *Astrologick* Learning :  
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,  
To which he fastned *Telescope* ;  
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*  
He reads in smallest *Characters*.  
It hapned as a *Boy* one night,  
Did flie his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,  
The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,  
That, like a *Bird* of *Paradise*,  
Or *Herauld's* *Martlet* has no *legs*,  
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs* ;  
His *Train* was six yards long milk-white,  
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,

Enclos'd

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of 'Paper,  
 That far off like a *Star* did appear.  
 This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,  
 And with amazement staring wide,  
*Bless* us, quoth he! What dreadful wonder  
 Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?  
 A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,  
 Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scroll*  
 Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fish*, and *Fowl*,  
 With which, like *Indian Plantations*,  
 The learned stock the *Constellations*:  
 Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have been,  
 To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.  
 It must be supernatural,  
 Unless it be that *Cannon-Ball*,  
 That shot, in th' *Air* point-blank upright,  
 Was born to that prodigious height,

That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,  
It ne'er came backwards down again;  
But in the *Airy Region* yet  
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*:  
For if it be above the Shade,  
That by the *Earth's* round bulk is made,  
'Tis probable it may from far  
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.

This said, he to his Engine flew,  
Plac'd near at hand in open view,  
And rais'd it till it levell'd right,  
Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.  
Then peeping through, (*Bless* us, quoth he)  
It is a *Planet* now I see;  
And if I err not by his proper  
*Figure*, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,  
It should be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clean  
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there



He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,  
And farther leg behind of th' *Whale*;  
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,  
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,  
And can no less than the *World's* end,  
Or *Nature's* funeral portend.  
With that he fell again to prie  
Through *Perspective* more wistfully,  
When by mischance the fatal string  
That kept the *Towering Fowl* on wing  
Breaking, down fell the *Star*: Well shot,  
Quoth *Whacum*, who right wisely thought  
H' had levell'd at a *Star*, and hit it:  
But *Sidrophel* more subtil-witted,  
Cry'd out what horrible and fearful  
Portent is this, to see a *Star* fall;  
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom  
Will not be long before it come.

When Stars do fall 'tis plain enough  
The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:  
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,  
And some of us find out by *Magick*.  
Then since the time we have to live  
In this world's shortned, let us strive  
To make our best advantage of it,  
And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before  
The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd score  
In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,  
Was now in prospect of the *Mansion*:  
Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,  
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.

*Whachum* (quoth he) look yonder, some  
To try or use our Art are come:  
The one's the *Learned Knight*; seek out,  
And pump 'em what they come about.

*Whachum* advan'd with all submissness,  
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness.  
 He held the Stirrup while the *Knight*  
 From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,  
 And taking from his hand the Bridle,  
 Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle :  
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
 And welcom'd him, *as he might say* :  
 He ask'd them whence they came, and whither  
 Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither ;  
 Did you not lose—? Quoth *Ralpho*, nay ;  
 Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way.  
 Your *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,  
 And pains intol'able doth suffer,  
 For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth downwards.  
 What time—Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,  
 Three years it off and on has hung—

Quoth he, I meant what time of th' day 'tis,  
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis,  
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *Art*  
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,  
Or great *Estate*——Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,  
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her;  
Mean while the *Knight* was making water,  
Before he fell upon the matter;  
Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,  
To give him suitable Reception;  
But kept his business at a *Bay*,  
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;  
Who having now by *Ralpho's* light,  
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,  
And what he came to know, drew near,  
To whisper in the *Conjurer's* ear.  
Which he prevented thus: What was't,  
Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before

Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd,  
 Quoth *Whacum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,  
 In opposition with *Mars*,  
 And no benign friendly Stars  
 T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So  
 In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whacum*, No:  
 Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it:  
 One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.  
 'Tis well, quoth he——Sir, you'll excuse  
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use,  
 It is a *Scheme* and *face* of *Heaven*  
 As th' *Aspects* are dispos'd this *Even*,  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd, but now I've done.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here  
 At such a time, to interrupt  
 Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

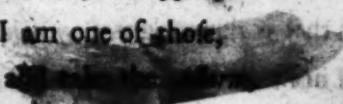
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,  
The Stars your coming did foretell;  
I did expect you here, and know  
Before you speak your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
You tell me after on your word,  
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
And for three years has rid your *Wit*  
And *Passion* without drawing *Bit*:  
And now your bus'ness is to know  
If you shall carry her or no.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,  
But how the *Devil* you come by't

I can't

I can't imagine; for the *Stars*  
 I'm sure can tell no more than *Horse*,  
 Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore  
 Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
 Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*,  
 That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;  
 But if the *Devil's* of your Counsel,  
 Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,  
 And 'tis on his Account I come  
 To know from you my fatal Doom:

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose  
 Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,  
 I might suspect,   
 Your bus'ness is but to inform;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
 You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*;  
 For I assure you, for my part,  
 I only deal by *Rules of Art*,

Such

Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of *Astralogy*:  
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,  
But only this, that I defie him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye  
I understand your *Metonimie*;  
Your words of second hand intention,  
When things by wrongful names you mention,  
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,  
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,  
To raise the *Devil*, and mean one thing,  
And that is down-right *Conjuring*:  
And in its self more warrantable  
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,  
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,  
Which by confed'racy are done.  
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont  
To make her from her Sphere dismount,

And



And to their *Incantations* stoop,  
They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,  
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,  
Perhaps as learnedly and well,  
As you your self——Then friend, I doubt  
You go the farthest way about:  
Your Modern *Indian Magician*  
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in,  
And streight resolves all Questions by'r,  
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
The *Rosy-crucian* way's more sure  
To bring the Devil to the Lure;  
Each of 'em has a several Gin,  
To catch *Intelligences* in.  
Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'em,  
As *Dunstan* did the Devil's Grandamm;

Others

Others with *Characters* and *Words*  
Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*.  
And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,  
Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*,  
With their own influences will fetch 'em  
Down from their *Orbs*, arrest, and catch 'em;  
Make 'em depose, and answer to  
All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.

*Bumbastus* kept a *Devil's Bird*  
Shut in the Pummel of his *Sword*,  
That taught him all the cunning *Pranks*,  
Of past and future *Mountebanks*.

*Kelly* did all his *Feats* upon  
The *Devil's Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,  
Where playing with him at *Boo-peep*  
He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.

*Agrippa* kept a *Stygian Pug*  
I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,

That

That was his *Tutor*, and the *Curr*  
Read to th' Occult *Philosopher*,  
And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,  
*Agrippa* was no *Conjurer*,  
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Bekman*;  
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæman*,  
But a true Dog, that would shew tricks  
For th' *Emperour*, and leap o'er sticks;  
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil  
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;  
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,  
He went the self-same way we go.  
As for the *Rosie-cross* *Philos'phers*,  
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'ers*,  
What they pretend to, is no more  
Than *Trismegistus* did before,

*Pythagoras*

*Pythagoras*, old *Zoroaster*,  
And *Appolonius* their Master;  
To whom they do confess they owe  
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't us,  
Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,  
If it be nonsense, false, or mystick,  
Or not intelligible, or sophistick?  
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,  
That makes truth truth, although *time's daughter*;  
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,  
Before he pull'd her out of it;  
And as he eats his *Sons*, just so  
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:  
Nor does it follow, 'cause a *Herault*  
Can make a Gentleman, scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a Race  
Of ancient *Kings* in a small space;

That

That we should all Opinion hold  
*Authentick*. that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part  
Of prudence to try down an *Art*;  
And what it may perform deny,  
Because you understand not why.  
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,  
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*.)  
For who knows all that knowledge contains  
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,  
But on their side, or rising's seat;  
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*  
Relate miraculous presages  
Of strange turns in the *World's* affairs,  
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Southsayers*,  
*Chaldeans*, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,  
And some that have writ *Almanacks*?

The

The *Medean* Emp'rour dreamt his Daughter  
Had pist all *Asia* under water,  
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *branches*  
O'er-spread his *Empire* with its branches;  
And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,  
As after by th' event he found it?  
When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell  
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretell,  
And, in resentment of his slaughter,  
Look pale for almost a year after?  
*Augustus* having b' oversight  
Put on his Left Shoe 'fore his Right,  
Had like to have been slain that day  
By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for pay.  
Are there not myriads of this sort,  
Which stories of all times report?  
Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,  
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?

The Roman Senate, when within  
 The City-walls an Owl was seen,  
 Did cause their Clergy with *Lustrations*,  
 (Our Synod calls *Humiliations*)  
 The round-fac'd *Prodigy* to avert,  
 From doing Town or Country hurt;  
 And if an Owl have so much pow'r,  
 Why should not Planets have much more,  
 That in a Region far above  
 Inferiour Fowls of the Air move,  
 And should see farther, and fore-know  
 More than *Augury* below,  
 Though that once serv'd the *Polity*  
 Of mighty States to govern by;  
 And this is that we take in hand,  
 By pow'rful *Art* to understand;  
 Which how we have perform'd all Ages  
 Can speak th' *Events* of our presages,

Have we not lately in the *Moon*  
 Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?  
 Discover'd *Sea* and *Land* *Columbus*  
 And *Magellan* could never compass?  
 Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,  
 And Cattel grazing on 'em there?

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so open  
 That I, without a *Telescope*,  
 Can find your Tricks out, and descry  
 Where you tell truth, and where you lye.  
 For *Anaxagoras* long ago  
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*:  
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece  
 Of *Red-hot Iron*, as big as *Greece*,  
 Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,  
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;  
 And, rather than he would recant  
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But



But what, alas! is it to us,  
 Whether in the *Moon* men thus or thus  
 Do eat their *Pottage*, cut their *Corns*,  
 Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?  
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance,  
 But what we nearer have from *France*?  
 What can our *Travellers* bring home  
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?  
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,  
 That are not in our own *Dominions*?  
 What *Science* can be brought from thence,  
 In which we do not here commence?  
 What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,  
 That are not in our Native *Regions*?  
 Are sweating *Lamborns*, or *Screen-fans*,  
 Made better there than th' are in *France*?  
 Or do they teach to sing and play  
 On th' *Guitar* there a newer way?

Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit  
 The *Publick Humour*, with less *Wir*;  
 Write *wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*;  
 Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*;  
 Or does the *Man i' th' Moon* look big,  
 And wear a huger *Periwig*,  
 Shew in his *Gate*, or *Face*, more tricks  
 Than our own *Native Lunatics*;  
 But if w' out-do him here at home,  
 What good of your design can come  
 As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent,  
 Is but a blast if downward sent;  
 But if it upwards chance to flie,  
 Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:  
 So when your *Speculations* tend  
 Above their just and useful end,  
 Although they promise strange and great  
*Discoveries* of things far set,

They

They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,  
 And favour strongly of the *Ganza*.  
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,  
 Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws  
 The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*;  
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's-staff*;  
 Or why *Wolves* raise a *Hubbub* at her,  
 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water,  
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,  
 You may know something more remote.

At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,  
 And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,  
 He put his face into a posture  
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster,  
 For having three times shook his *Head*  
 To stir his wit up, thus he said.

*Art* has no mortal *Enemies*  
 Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;

Those consecrated Geese in Orders,  
That to the *Capital* were *Warders*,  
And being then upon *Patroll*,  
With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.  
Or those *Athenian* *Sceptick* *Owls*,  
That will not credit their own *Souls*;  
Or any *Science* understand,  
Beyond the reach of *Eye* or *Hand*:  
But meas'ring all things by their own  
Knowledge, hold *Nothing's* to be known.  
Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee*-  
*Houses* cry down all *Philosophy*,  
And will not know upon what ground  
In *Nature* we our *doctrine* found,  
Although with pregnant evidence  
We can demonstrate it to sense,  
As I just now have done to you,  
Foretelling what you came to know,

Were

Were the *Stars* only made to light  
 Robbers and Burglars by night ?  
 To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,  
 And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors,  
 Or giving one another Pledges  
 Of *Matrimony* under Hedges ?  
 Or *Winches* *smuggling*, and on *Gibbets*  
 Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets ;  
 Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears  
 Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers ?  
 Only to stand by and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done ?  
 Is there a *Constellation* there,  
 That was not born and bred up here ?  
 And therefore cannot be to learn,  
 In any inferiour Concern.  
 Were they not during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em Pirates, Whores, and Thieves ?

And is it like they have not still  
In their old *Practises* some skill?  
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*  
Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*;  
And therefore probably must know  
What is, and hath been done below,  
Who made the *Balance*, or whence came  
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?  
Did not we here the *Argo* rigg,  
Make *Berenice's Perruigg*:  
Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?  
Or who made *Cassiopeia's Chair*?  
And therefore as they came from hence,  
With us may hold *Intelligence*.  
*Plato* deny'd, The *World* can be  
Govern'd without *Geometrie*,  
(For Money b'ing the common Scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale;

In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,  
 'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight* ;)  
 Then much less can it be without  
 Divine *Astrology* made out,  
 That puts the other down in worth,  
 As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant  
 Are something more significant  
 Than any that the *Learned* use  
 Upon this *Subject* to produce ;  
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,  
 T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.  
 The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice  
 Shifted his *Setting*, and his *Rise* ;  
 Twice has he risen in the *West*,  
 As many times set in the *East* :  
 But whether that be true, or no,  
 The *Devil* any of you know.

Some

Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,  
Are kept by *Circulation* up;  
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,  
They'd instantly fall to the ground:  
As sage *Empedocles* of old,  
And from him *Modern Authors* hold,  
*Plato* believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*  
Below all other *Planets* run.  
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat  
Above the *Sun* himself in height,  
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd  
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,  
That in Twelve hundred years and odd,  
The *Sun* had left his ancient Road,  
And nearer to the Earth is come:  
'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home:  
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,  
And he that had so little Shame



To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,  
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd,  
Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore  
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,  
That durst upon a *truth* give doom,  
He knew less than th' *Pope* of *Rome*.  
*Cardac* believ'd great *States* depend  
Upon the tip of th' *Bear's Tail's* end;  
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the *Sun*,  
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;  
Which others say must needs be false  
Because your true *Bears* have no *Tails*.  
Some say the *Zodiack-Constellations*  
Have long since chang'd their antique *Stations*  
Above a *Sign*, and prove the same  
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;  
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,  
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,

Then

Then how can their *effects* still hold  
To be the same they were of old.  
This, though the *Art* were true, would make  
Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake ;  
And is one cause they tell more lyes,  
In *Figures*, and *Nativities*,  
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,  
In so many hundred thousand years ;  
Beside their Nonsense in translating,  
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*,  
Like *Idus* and *Calendas*, English:  
The *Quarter-days* by skilful Linguist,  
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,  
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat :  
Make Fools believe in their foreseeing  
Of things before they are in Being ;  
To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd,  
And count their *Chickens* e'er th' are hatch'd,

Make

Make them the *Constellations* prompt,  
And give 'em back their own accompt;  
But still the best to him that gives  
The best price for't, or best believes.  
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some for brevity,  
Have cast the 'versal World's *Nativity*;  
And made the Infant-Stars confess,  
Like Fools or Children, what they please:  
Some calculate the hidden Fates  
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*;  
Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*,  
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law Suits*, and the *Pox*;  
Some take a measure of the Lives  
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;  
Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,  
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;  
As if the *Planets*' first aspect  
The tender Infant did infect

In *Soul* and *Body*, and instill  
All future good, and future ill:  
Which in their dark fatal'ies lurking;  
At destin'd Periods fall a working;  
And break out like the hidden seeds  
Of long diseases into deeds,  
In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,  
And all th' emergencies of Life:  
No sooner does he peep into  
The *World*, but he has done his doe,  
Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*  
That cures or kills a man that is sick;  
Marry'd his punctual dose of Wives,  
Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.  
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*  
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,  
A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,  
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*.

A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,  
 A great *Philosopher* and a *Block-head*,  
 A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,  
 A Learn'd *Physician* and *Manslayer*.  
 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
*Old-age*, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,  
*Wit*, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Vertue*, *Vice*,  
*Trade*, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;  
 And draw with the first Air they breathe  
*Battel* and *Murther*, *sudden Death*.  
 Are not these fine *Commodities*,  
 To be imported from the *Skies*,  
 And vend'd here among the *Rabble*,  
 For staple Goods, and warrantable;  
 Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,  
 In th' other *World* to be restor'd  
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know  
 You wrong the *Art*, and *Artists* too;

Since

Since Arguments are lost on those  
That do our *Principles* oppose;  
I will (although I've don't before)  
Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you  
What you perhaps forget, befall you,  
By way of *Horary* inspection,  
Which some account our worst erection.  
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,  
With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters*;  
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random :  
Quoth he, This *Scheme* of th' Heavens set,  
Discovers how in fight you met  
At *Kingston* with a *May-pole Idol*,  
And that y' were hang'd both back and side well ;  
And though you overcame the *Bear*,  
The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair* ;

Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,  
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive  
You are no *Canj'rer*, by your leave;  
That *Paltry story* is untrue,  
And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true, Quoth he? how e'er you vapour,  
I can what I affirm make appear;  
*Whachum* shall justifie 't t' your face,  
And prove he was upon the place:  
He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,  
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*;  
He stol your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,  
Chews'd and caldes'd ye like a Block-head;  
And what you lost I can produce,  
If you deny it, here i'th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe  
That Argument's *Demonstrative*;

*Ralpho*, bear witness, and go fetch us  
A *Constable* to seize the Wretches;  
For though th' are both false *Knaves*, and *Cheats*,  
*Impostors*, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,  
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,  
As true as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers*;  
They're guilty, by their own Confessions,  
Of *Felony*, and at the *Sessions*  
Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,  
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*  
Shall make all *Taylors* yards of one  
Unanimous Opinion:  
A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt  
To find Friends that will bear me out;  
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,  
And Neck, so long on the *Seate's* part,



To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,  
By such a *Brabgadochio* Huffer.

*Huffer*, quoth *Hudibras*? This *Sword*  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word;  
*Ralpho*, make haste, and call an Officer  
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;  
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,  
Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*  
Of *Hudibras* did now erect  
A *Figure* worse portending far,  
Than that of most malignant Star,  
Believ'd it now the fittest moment  
To shun the danger that might come on't,  
While *Hudibras* was all alone,  
And he and *Whachum*, Two to one;  
This b'ing resolv'd, He spy'd by chance  
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,

That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,  
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd.  
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,  
To make his way through *Hudibras*.  
*Whachum* had got a Fire-Fork,  
With which he vow'd to do his Work;  
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,  
And stoutly stood upon his Guard;  
He put by *Sidrophelo's* thrust,  
And in right manfully he rusht;  
The weapen from his gripe he wrung,  
And laid him on the earth along.  
*Whachum* his Sea-coal-Prong threw by,  
And basely turn'd his back to flie;  
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch  
As quick as lightning in the Breech,  
Just in the place where *Honour's* lodg'd,  
As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;

Because

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Because a kick in that part more  
Hurts *Honour* than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine  
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine,  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know foretell  
By this what Cheats you are we find,  
That in your own Concerns are blind;  
Your lives are now at my dispose,  
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:  
But who his Honour would defile,  
To take, or sell, two lives so Vile?  
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*  
The Conqu'ring Warriour's *Crop* and *Tillage*,  
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;  
That mine the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell  
To romaging of *Sidrophel*.

First, He expounded both his Pockets,  
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,  
Which had been left with him t' erect  
A *Figure* for, and so detect;  
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*  
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,  
Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,  
And *Blank-Schemes*, to discover *Nimmers*;  
A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's Bones*,  
And several *Constellation-Stones*,  
Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,  
That over *Mortals* had strange powers,  
To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*;  
And stab or poyson to evade;  
In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,  
And be victorious in *Love*.  
*Whachum* had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,  
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;

All which the *Conq'rer* did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his Rump.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks  
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,  
Streight cast about to over-reach  
Th' unwary *Conq'rer* with a fetch,  
And make him glad (at least) to quit  
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,  
Before the *Secular Prince of Darknes*  
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass;  
And, as a *Fox* with hot pursuit  
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about  
To save his credit, and among  
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;  
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,  
Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)  
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*  
Of *Atoms* jussling in his Brain,

As learn'd *Philosophers* give out ;  
So *Sidrophelo* cast about,  
And fell to's wanted *Trade* again,  
To feign himself in earnest slain ;  
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
And seeming in his Breast to smother,  
A broken Sigh ; Quoth he, where am I,  
Alive, or Dead ? Or which way came I  
Through so immense a space so soon ?  
But now I thought my self in th' *Moon* ;  
And that a *Monster*, with huge *Whiskers*,  
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,  
My body through and through had drill'd,  
And *Wbachum* by my side had kill'd,  
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,  
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;  
Look, there he is, I see him now,  
And feel the Place I am run through ;

And there lies *Whacbum* by my side,  
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood di'd.  
 Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,  
 And fell again into a swoon,  
 Shut both his Eyes, and stopp'd his Breath,  
 And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*,  
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,  
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.  
 He held it now no longer safe,  
 To tarry the return of *Ralph*,  
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;  
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,  
 Refus'd to give himself one firke,  
 To carry on the *Publick Work*;  
 Despis'd our *Synod-men* like Dirt,  
 And made their *Discipline* his Sport;  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*,  
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *High Places*;

Disparag'd their *Tith-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,  
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;  
Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd  
Their rev'rend *Parsons* to my *Beard*;  
For all which *Scandals* to be quit  
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.  
I'll make him henceforth to beware,  
And tempt my fury, if he dare:  
He must (at least) hold up his hand,  
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd,  
Who by their skill in *Palmistry*  
Will quickly read his *Destiny*;  
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,  
Or take a turn for't at the *Session*:  
Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer  
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he scape with whipping now,  
'Tis more than he can hope to do,

And



And that will disengage my *Conscience*  
Of th' *Obligation* in his own sense:  
I'll make him now by force abide  
What he by gentle means deny'd,  
To give my *Honour* satisfaction,  
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.  
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
And *Conduct* he approach'd his *Steed*,  
And with *Activity* unwont  
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;  
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,  
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:  
Left *Danger*, *Fears*, and *Foes* behind,  
And beat, at least three lengths, the *Wind*.

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AN  
*Heroical* EPISTLE  
 OF  
 HUDIBRAS  
 TO  
 SIDROPHEL.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus*—

WELL, *Sidrophel*! though 'tis in vain  
 To tamper with your crazy Brain,  
 Without Trepanning of your Scull  
 As often as the *Moon's* at Full;  
 'Tis not amiss, e'er y' are giv'n o'er,  
 To try one desp'rate Med'cine more;

For

For where your Case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'ft is the wileft courfe.  
Is't poffible that you, whose Ears,  
Are of the Tribe of *Iffacher's*,  
And might (with equal Reason) either  
For Merit, or extent of Leather,  
With *William Pryn's*, before they were  
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,  
Should yet be deaf againft a noife  
So roaring as the Publick voice ?  
That fpeaks your Virtues free and loud,  
And openly in ev'ry crowd,  
As loud as one that fings his part  
T' a Wheel-barrow, or Turnip Cart,——  
Or your New Nicknam'd old invention  
To cry Green-Haftings with an Engine ;  
(As if the vehemence had ftunn'd,  
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)

And

And 'cause your Folly's now no news  
But over-grown and out of use,  
Perswade your self there's no such matter,  
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,  
When Folly, as it grows in years  
The more extravagant appears :  
For who but you could be possess'd  
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,  
That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at;  
Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,  
Can teach you wholsom Sense, and Nurture,  
But (like a Reprobate) what course  
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,  
That makes Fools Cattel, do you good?  
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse  
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,

Put

Put you into a way, at least,  
To make your self a better Beast?  
Can all your critical Intrigues  
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs,  
Your several new-found Remedies  
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees?  
Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,  
And purging their infected *Saps*,  
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrysellines,  
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,  
But still it must be lewdly bent  
To tempt your own due Punishment;—  
And, like your whimsi'd Chariots, draw  
The Boys to course you without Law?  
As if the Art you have so long  
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,

In you had Virtue to renew  
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.  
Can you, that understand all Books,  
By judging only with your Looks,  
Resolve all Problems with your Face  
As others do with *B's* and *A's*,  
Unriddle all that Mankind knows  
With solid bending of your Brows,  
All Arts and Sciences advance,  
With screwing of your Countenance,  
And with a penetrating Eye,  
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,  
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,  
Then those that have been bred up in't,  
And yet have no Art, true or false,  
To help your own bad Naturals?  
But still the more you strive t' appear,  
Are found to be the wretcheder.

of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 397

For Fools are known by looking wise,  
As men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.  
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' *College*,  
A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,  
And brought in none, but spent Reputation,  
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute  
To judge and censure, and controul,  
As if you were the sole *Sir Poll*;  
And saucily pretend to know  
More than your Dividend comes to,  
You'll find the thing will not be done  
With Ignorance, and Face alone:  
No though y' have purchas'd to your Name  
In History so great a Fame,  
That now your Talent's so well known,  
For having all Belief out-grown,  
That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale  
Is measur'd by your *German Scale*, —

By which the *Virtues* try  
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,  
Cast up to what it does amount,  
And place the big'st to your account,  
That all those stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.  
Alas! that Faculty destroys  
Those soonest it designs to raise;  
And all your vain Renown will spoil,  
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;  
Though he that has but Impudence  
To all things has a fair Pretence,  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim:  
Though you have try'd that nothing's born  
With greater ease than Publick Scorn;

That



That all affronts do still give Place  
To your impenetrable Face;  
That makes your way through all affairs,  
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.  
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Brass,  
You must not think 'twill always pass;  
For all Impostors, when their known,  
Are past their labour, and undone.  
And all the best that can befall  
An Artificial Natural,  
Is that which Madmen find, as soon  
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon,  
And proof against her Influence,  
Relapse to e'er so little Sense  
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit  
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.



# Annotations

## TO THE SECOND PART.

But now t<sup>e</sup> observe, &c.

**T**HE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV. Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of Saxony, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Countrey-man who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his Splenarick,  
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

*Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close *Catasta* shut, &c.

*Catasta* is but a pair of Stocks in English. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made *St. Francis* doe, &c.

The antient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them; so they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

This made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*.

The History of *Psiphæ* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father

it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Countrey being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

### As your own Secretary *Albertus*.

*Albertus Magnus* was a Sweedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

### Unless it be to squint and laugh.

*Pliny* in his *Natural History* affirms that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pectorum. Lib. 2.*

### As Friar *Bacon's* Noddle was.

The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

### Or like some *Indians* Sculls, so tough, That Authors say th'are *Masket* proof

*American Indians*, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own words, *Ut Digito perfrangi possunt.*

Or

## Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

*Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, Ubi Nemus erat Jovis sacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuisse narratur.*

## Semiramis of Babylon.

*Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima. Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces, (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.*

## For some Philosophers of late here.

*S. K. D. in his Book of Bodies; who has this story of the German-Roy, which he endeavours to make good, by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.*

## A Persian Emp'ror whip'd his Grandam,

*Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. In Cœrum, atque Eurum solitus sevirè Flagellis. Juven. Sat. 10.*

## So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.

*In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditio- nibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt.*

Diog. Laert. in *vita Zenonis*. p. 383. Those old *Virtuosos* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than the Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing, and kicking.

### That *Bonum* is an Animal.

*Bonum* is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosos* from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmills under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

### --- In a Town

#### There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

#### Have been exchange'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to declare.

#### Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

— *Et sibi Consul,*

*Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.* Juven. Sat. 10.

#### Hung out their Mantles *Bella-Gues*.

*Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam demicandum esset,*  
supra

*supra Prætorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium futu-  
ræ pugne. Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.*

### Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Pertinace. Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.*

### Vespasian being daub'd with Dirt

*C. Cæsar succensens, propter curiam verrendis vis non ad-  
bitam, Luto jussit oppleri, conjesto per milites in prætex-  
tæ sinum. Sueton in Vespas. Ca. 5.*

### Has not this present Parliament

### A Ledger to the Devil sent,

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one year, and among the rest an old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many years.

### Did he not help the Dutch to purge At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines: and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, There were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing

**Sing Catches to the Saints at *Mascon*.**

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoires*, written in French.

**Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*,  
And speaki' th' Nun at *London's Belly*.**

The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by *Mer. Causabon, Isaac. Fil.* Prebend of Canterbury, has a large account of all those Passages; in which the style of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of *London* in France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet Living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

**Meet with the Parliaments Committee  
At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal Treaty:**

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the King's House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

**At *Sarum* took a Cavalier.**

*Withers* has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drin-



drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

Since old *Hodg Bacon*,

*Roger Bacon*, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the rabble accounted a Conjuror, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grossthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason, suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Imocent* the IV. and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appear'd to the Tribunal of *Christ*; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Premunire*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

Which *Socrates*, and *Charephon*

In vain assay'd so long agoe.

*Aristophanes* in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Charephon*, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

Unless it be that Cannon-ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Foreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the

the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark; but *Des-Cartes* was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

### As lately was reveal'd to *Sedgwyck*.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sedgwyck*.

### Your Modern *Indian* Magician.

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by *Monseigneur Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

### *Bumbastus* kept a Devil's Bird, &c.

*Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small Devil pris'ner in the Pommel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valliant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carry'd poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

### *Agrippa* kept a *Stygian* Pug.

*Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit,

Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to doe, beyond The capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

**As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick.**

Averrhois *Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit.*  
Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

**The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.**

*Athyages* King of *Media* had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Persian* of mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Asia*, and translated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. Herodot. L. 2.

**When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell.**

*Fiunt aliquando Prodigiis, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo.* Plin.

***Augustus* having b' oversight, &c.**

*Divus Augustus Levum sibi prodidit calceum prapostere indutum, quo die seditione Militum prope afflictus est.*

*Idem. Lib. 2.*

**The Roman Senate when within**

**The City Walls an Owl was seen.**

*Romani L. Crasso & C. Maria Cæs. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.*

For

For *Anaxagoras* long ago,  
Saw Hills as well as you i' th' Moon.

*Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponesso majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se Habere, & Colles, & valles. Fertur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Damnatuſ & in exilium pulſuſ eſt, quod impiè Solem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.*

Th' *Ægyptians* ſay, the Sun has twice  
Shifted his Setting and his Riſe.

*Ægypti Decem millia Annorum & amplius recensent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Soles; ita ut Sol bis ortuſ ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oriſtur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.*

Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,  
Are kept by Circulation up.

*Cauſa quare Cælum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motuſ. Comment in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cælo.*

*Plato* believ'd the Sun and Moon  
Below all other Planets run.

*Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G. Cunnin. in Coſmog. L. 1. p. 14.*

The

The Learned Scaliger complain'd

*Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinboldus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Assida Terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolomei etate duodecim partibus, i. e. 1010 & triginta terræ semidiametris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 495.*

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

*Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices seu Majoris ursæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Ide. p. 325.*

Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers  
In so many hundred thousand years.

*Chaldaei jactant se quadringenta septuaginta Annorum milia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Annis posuisse. Cicero.*

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

*Druidæ pecuniam musæ accipiebant in Posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 97.*

That paltry story is untrue,  
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of Whaddon) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other

other Mens Hands; as his Fellow *Whackum*, no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel; This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly describ'd.

**That the vibration of this Pendulum  
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one  
Unanimous opinion.**

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in Nature) all the world over: For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time: So that if a man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Satin* or *Taffeta*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

**Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.**

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiously.

**F I N I S.**